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EARL ORMOND'S SWORD.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Twas in the days before us, of which historians sing,
When Wentworth held, in Erin's Isle, strong rule for Charles the king,
That an Irish parliament he called, for some of wrongs complained,
While he with pageantry and pomp, a Viceroy's state maintain'd.

He call'd an Irish parliament, and thus the warrant ran
That from their far estates and homes convok'd each chosen man:
"Come duly to the accustomed place, prepared to speak your mind,
And grant the king his subsidies, but leave your swords behind."

They came, and dark the Barons' brows were wrapped in wrathful shade,
As at the entrance of the hall their trusty arms they laid,
But the stout young Earl of Ormond appeared the gate before,
And firmly by his girded breast the sword ancestral wore.

Then the Usher of the black-rod stretched out his hand to take
The weapon from Lord Ormond's side, who loud and boldly spake,
Though newly come to man's estate, a fearless knight was he:
"Thou only through thy body shalt receive this sword from me."

So, to his seat among the peers he strode with haughty port,
And told the amazed Lord Governor and all his listening court,
That "*per cincturum gladii*," he took his father's crest,
And "*cinctum gladis*," held it still, while life-blood warmed his breast.

Then Wentworth in his pride of power gave the recusant grace,
And let the brave young noble keep all undisturbed his place,
And well the sword that thus was spared did loyal service yield,
And brightly flash for England's on many a listed field.

Though Wentworth, who the coronet of Stratford's earldom bore,
Beneath the unpitying headsman's axe fell down to rise no more,
And mournful was his warning cry when to the scaffold bound.—
"Put not your trust in princes, for in them no help is found."
[illegible] signed,
Must taste the same red cup of blood and vanish like the wind,
Where earth's prerogatives and crowns are but forgotten things,
And all must stand and give account unto the King of kings.

Hartford, January 28th, 1862.

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* See Leland's History of Ireland, Volume 3d.

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THE SECRET CYPHER;

OR,

MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAD; OR, ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

CHAPTER I.

An old man stood upon the steep bank that overlooks the harbor of Danville. Long gray locks straggled from underneath his hat; his face was thin, and overspread with deep lines of care and sorrow. His eyes were unsettled, and roved strangely from one object to another. His lips murmured inaudible words, and from the strange start which he sometimes gave, he seemed to be subject to some nervous disease. His whole appearance and manner was wild and weird, but the deep gloom that was fixed on his brow, and the quick, piercing flash of his eye excited wonder, while they repelled curiosity.

The harbor of Danville lay enclosed among high surrounding hills. But one narrow opening communicated with the outer sea. Here the tide ran furiously among rocks and whirlpools and flashing currents. Here, too, the thick mists and fog banks from the ocean gathered in impenetrable masses, through which the blinded sailor groped his way with difficulty. There the tide, in its ebb and flow, bore them helplessly about through the opaque atmosphere, until at length the roar of the breakers sounded in their ears the knell of death. The wrecks that strewed the shore told of the dangers of the sea.

A vessel had just arrived at the wharf of Danville. It was the packet schooner that ran between this place and the neighboring town of Walton, which was separated from it by a wide arm of the sea. All was hurry and noise and confusion. The descending booms creaked, and the loosened sails flapped furiously in the fitful gusts of wind. Lines were thrown out from the shore, and the vessel was gradually warped in close to her moorings. Long before she touched the wharf, however, a young man bounded over the intervening space, and walked rapidly away.

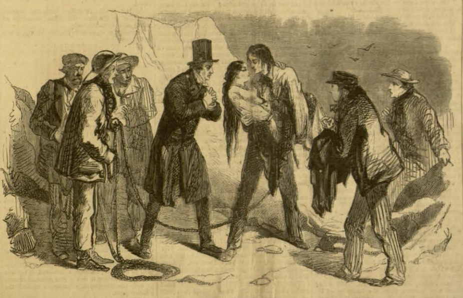
He was a tall and athletic young man, with broad shoulders and imposing presence. His face was formed in the boldest Roman type, his hair clustered in dark curls over his brow, and his eyes were peculiarly lustrous and piercing. He carried in his hand a small valise, which was covered over with labels of European railroads and hotels. With a quick and firm step he walked onward until he reached the place where the old man was standing.

Upon this latter the effect which his presence produced was striking. At the moment when the young man had leaped ashore, his attention had been arrested, and he remained rooted to the spot. His face grew livid, the nervous shudders passed through his frame more rapidly than ever, and he staggered as though he would fall.

"Well, Mr. Murdock," said the new comer, "how do you do? You appear not to know me. No wonder. Four years make quite a change. Have you forgotten Cyril Aymar?"

"Cyril," murmured Mr. Murdock.

"But what is the matter?" said the other. "You are weak; you will fall. Take my arm and let me lead you home."



THE RESCUE.

"Oh, it's nothing, it's nothing," said Murdock, with a strange, wandering way. "I was only startled by your resemblance to your father. Your appearance took me by surprise. I thought it [illegible] back twenty-five years."

"And if you had," said Cyril, cheerily, "it should not make you tremble. But I did not know that you were acquainted with my father in his youth."

"I saw him occasionally," said Murdock, turning away.

"Will you not let me accompany you home?"

"I am not going home. I thank you for your kindness," and he turned abruptly away.

Cyril Aymar seemed to understand the old man's peculiarities, however, so he resumed his journey. He walked along the principal street, looking about him with a glance of delight, as though he recognized with pleasure the features of the pleasant little village. At length he turned up a steep hill, and at the top he entered the gateway of a large and handsome house. Several dogs leaped forward, and after snuffing at the visitor, they bounded around him with barks of delight. An old negro servant looked out of the door, and uttering a joyous cry, ran into the house. By the time that he reached the porch a number of servants had gathered there, who cried out:

"Master Cyril! Master Cyril! Welcome back at last!"

Cyril greeted them kindly.

"Where is the Judge?"

"Here," said a tall and stately man, who at that moment made his appearance. "Welcome back, Cyril. Why, how you have changed. Four years make a great alteration in one."

"Well, Judge Rawdon," said Cyril, warmly shaking hands with him, "they have made no change in you."

Hereupon Cyril entered with the Judge, who prepared to treat his guest in the true spirit of hospitality.

"Where is Leila?" asked Cyril, with a slight flush.

"She went out sailing early this morning. She will be amazed to see her old playmate, for she hasn't the slightest idea that you have returned from Europe."

"It's rather a squally day to be out," said Cyril, uneasily.

"Oh, it's not rough," said the Judge. "There's only a slight gust occasionally—just sufficient to give excitement. Besides, Judah Murdock is a good sailor."

"Is he with her?" said Cyril, with evident vexation.

"Yes," said the Judge, smiling at the young man's emotion.

"It is certainly dangerous for a small sail boat. The gusts of wind at the entrance of the harbor are terrific, and the fog is as dense as water. I hope they will keep in the harbor."

"Oh, Murdock is too cautious to put himself in any danger."

"I saw old Murdock as I came up," said Cyril, glad to change the conversation. "He has broken down very much. I was surprised at the effect that I produced on him. When he saw me he nearly fainted."

"That man is an unfathomable mystery."

"He seems to be crushed under the weight of some deep sorrow."

"Or crime," said the Judge.

"It must be so. His start, his strange, unsettled glance of inquiry, his eagerness to be alone, and his wild soliloquies, all seem to arise from a troubled conscience. I would give a great deal to penetrate his secret."

"Whatever it is, it had far better remain a secret. At present no one knows anything about it. Even his own son is ignorant. He has often spoken to me about it. He thinks it is the effect of his mother's death. She died young."

"Very probably."

"I wonder where he came from."

"He says that he was born in London. But he seems much more like a native of this country. At any rate, he has been all over the world. You cannot mention a country with which he is not familiar. He [illegible] that he lived [illegible]"

"And nothing more is known about him?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Strange that no word should have been dropped."

"He guards his secret tenaciously. In a gossiping place like this any careless word would be at once noticed, but thus far the curiosity of the villagers has been completely baffled."

While the conversation thus went on, the Judge and Cyril became aware of a swiftly rising storm. Heavier and heavier grew the gusts of wind, and great clouds arose, spreading rapidly over the sky.

"I wish that Leila was home," said the Judge, uneasily.

"That's just what I've been thinking during the last hour," said Cyril, rising and going to the window.

A few drops of rain now fell, preceding a heavy shower, which increased into a perfect torrent. Suddenly a flash of lightning darted from a pile of black clouds, followed by an angry crash of thunder. The gusts had now increased into a gale, which grew stronger every moment.

"I cannot stand this," said Cyril. "I will run down and see what has become of her."

The Judge said nothing, but seizing his hat, he hurried from the house with Cyril.

"The storm has come up very suddenly," said the Judge, as they hurried down.

"Yes. But I knew when we entered the channel that it was coming."

At every step the wind increased more and more.

"My only hope is," said the Judge, with an agitation which he could not conceal, "that they have landed, and are now taking shelter from the rain."

CHAPTER II.

They soon reached the steep bank of Danville harbor. Below lay a sandy beach which the tide had left uncovered, and on one side the shore ran steeply down into deep water. Here the waves rolled in from the outer sea with terrific violence, and dashed themselves to spray upon the rocks. Far and wide the spacious harbor was covered with white-capped waves, and where the channel opened, there great ocean surges came rolling in with ever-increasing fury.

The sky was now completely overspread with clouds as black as night, which lay piled in vast heaps over the northern horizon, transferring their dark hues to the face of the sea itself, which now presented a wide waste of raging waves. The fog had all been blown away by the increasing violence of the gale and the winds which careered in unrestrained fury over the outer sea, now poured in through the channel with concentrated energy.

A crowd of the villagers had assembled here, and stood gazing out at sea.

"There's a hard chance now for any craft out there," said one.

"That's so," said another. "It's one of the wildest storms ever I saw."

"They say young Murdock is out with the Judge's daughter."

"You don't say so!—and has he the Judge's boat or his own?"

"The Judge's."

"Then he's a gone sucker."

"Or perhaps he's got ashore."

"I guess he's got ashore the wrong way, then."

At this moment a tremendous crash of thunder interrupted the conversation. It burst with a deafening peal overhead, and then spread away in long volleying rolls of sound till it died in long reverberations over the distant hills.

At that moment Cyril and the Judge burst into the crowd, and looked out upon the sea.

"They haven't landed in Danville," said the Judge, in a tone of agony. "No one has seen them. They are out in that raging flood."

"Restrain yourself and hope for the best," said Cyril, with forced calmness. "Perhaps they are all safe."

At this moment a cry escaped from the crowd. "Look! Look! There she is!" The Judge's
The Judge grasped Cyril's arm convulsively, and cried in a hoarse whisper:

"Do you see?"

Cyril had already seen. His hope died away—his heart almost ceased to beat.

There, at the entrance of the channel, a little open boat flew before the raging hurricane. In the stern was a female figure, and near her was a man. The sail had been closely reefed, but so furious was the blast that it seemed as though every fresh gust would hurl it to destruction.

The little vessel was surrounded by wild and foaming billows. Over these she bounded lightly, now rising high upon the crest of some giant wave, now sinking down in some deep hollow, till it seemed as though she had gone from sight forever.

Every eye was fixed on the frail craft, as she gallantly struggled with the raging elements; every tongue was mute in that time of suspense. Borne onward by the hurricane, she rapidly entered the harbor, but every moment seemed lengthened to hours in their dread anxiety. The Judge still clung to Cyril in his agony of suspense, and pale as death looked out upon the danger that impended over his beloved daughter.

Nearer and nearer came the boat, still rising and plunging over the enormous seas that rolled in toward the shore. She was now so near that Leila and Murdock could both be distinguished plainly, the former deadly pale, but calm and motionless; the latter apparently distracted with excitement. At length, when opposite the spectators, he began to take a tack in toward the shore. It was a fearful moment, for such a manœuver was attended with the utmost danger. The boat was now not more than a quarter of a mile away.

"Oh, the fool! the fool!" cried Cyril, bursting into imprecations and passionate cries, as he saw Murdock desperately tugging at a rope, and evidently bewildered by his danger. If ever cool courage and presence of mind were needed, it was then, for to turn in such a gale toward the shore was a dangerous task.

Gradually the boat turned. But the sheets were entangled. Murdock pulled desperately. In his fright he dropped the tiller and rose up. The boat was half round. At that instant a giant wave caught her, and seemed to hurl her out of the water; a moment after and she was plunged downward and hidden from view in a dark tumult of waves.

A cry of agony burst forth from the crowd. But soon hope returned, though faintly. As the wave rolled on, the dark form of the boat appeared once more. Leila floated in the water clinging to the stern, and Murdock was striking out for the shore.

"The coward!" cried one of the men. "He has got the life-preserver, and he is leaving Miss Rawdon."

"A rope! A rope!" shouted Cyril, in loud tones.

Divested of hat and coat and boots, he stood there with hair streaming in the wind, and eyes that flashed like live coals.

Several men rushed forward. Hastily seizing a line from one of them, he bound it tightly round his waist, and gave some brief directions. Then he advanced to the edge of the bank. Beneath him rolled the dark form of the ocean billows, as they successively dashed against the shore. Not a word was uttered as he prepared to spring. Awe-struck by such unheard of daring, the crowd looked on in silence.

A great wave advanced; it touched and broke in thunder against the cliff. There was a leap, a plunge, and Cyril had disappeared. Diving under the water, he reappeared beyond the third wave, and again plunged and reappeared once more beyond the large billows that rolled against the shore.

Never did swimmer encounter a more dreadful sea. Around him the huge waves rioted and plunged as though to overwhelm the rash mortal who thus dared to venture among them. The stout sailors on shore looked on in mute suspense, wondering at the spectacle. The Judge stood rooted to the spot, all his heart going with the bold adventurer who thus risked all for the salvation of his child.

Boldly and strongly Cyril struck out in the direction of the boat. But in such a sea the swiftest swimmer could not hope to make any but a slow progress. Now rising to the crest of some enormous wave, now sinking far down in the deep hollows of the rolling surges, he thus appeared and disappeared till the suspense of the silent spectators grew almost too great for endurance. Still the swimmer kept on his way, with no apparent abatement of strength or resolution, his eye fixed on the boat before him, as it rose and fell with the tossing billows.

Still Leila held on, her white face turned imploringly to the shore. She knew not that help was coming, nor did she think of the strong swimmer that was approaching to succor and to save.

Wind and tide were both strong, and while they opposed the progress of Cyril, they yet assisted his efforts by bringing nearer to him every moment the object of his search. Gradually the space between them lessened, gradually the approach of salvation grew nearer. But a few yards intervened; a few strokes more and he will reach the boat. At last he was taken up by an enormous wave, which lifted him far on high, so that the eager eyes of the maiden, as they gazed toward the shore, rested full upon him. One leap, one plunge, and Cyril was close beside her, his strong arm around her, his low voice speaking words of hope, and life, and safety.

One wild cry of wonder and of joy, and her strength all left her. She hung senseless in his arms. He pressed the dear burden to his heart, and clinging to the boat, held her high out of the water.

But there were other arms to help them now. As Cyril touched the boat there burst from the spectators one wild outcry of joy. Seizing the rope which was connected with Cyril, they be-
The boat now yielded to their efforts, and came rapidly nearer. Cyril clung to it strongly, but still more strongly did he preserve from the wrathful waves the precious form of her who had so narrowly escaped their fury.

At length the boat was close to the shore. It had been pulled so as to clear the headland, and was brought ashore at a place which was to some extent sheltered from the violence of the sea. Here a hundred hands were outstretched to relieve Cyril of his burden. But he refused them all, and bearing her in his arms, he carried her with jealous care up the beach, and into a house. There, and there only, would he give her up. But at that moment the strength which had held out so long failed him utterly, and even as Leila opened her eyes to find herself saved, she saw her deliverer fall exhausted at her feet.

CHAPTER III.

Shortly after Cyril had been drawn ashore, a huge wave threw a human being violently upon the beach. The man staggered forward with gasping cries, and at once was seized by a dozen outstretched hands. For a while he lay panting and breathless upon the sand, but soon regained strength. Then, in a weak voice, he cried:

"Help her, save her."

"Who?"

"Miss Rawdon."

"She is safe."

"Safe! How?"

"No thanks to you," said a stout fisherman. "You got the life-preserver for yourself."

"She had the boat."

"And she would have been down among the dead men by this time, if that was all."

"The boat was enough. I had to save myself!"

"Then take care of yourself now, since you are so precious," said the man, turning away.

"Who saved Miss Rawdon?" he asked, again.

"A young fellow jumped in and swam out with a rope."

"Swam out?"

"Yes. It was a hard chance to [illegible]. But he got there all right."

"Who was he?"

"Young Aymar from Walton."

"Cyril Aymar?" said the other, turning paler than ever.

"[illegible]

Muttering something that sounded very much like a curse, Judah Murdock rose to his feet and walked away. He directed his steps to the house where Cyril and Leila had gone for refuge. He worked his way through the crowd outside, and entered.

Cyril lay on a sofa with closed eyes and heavy breathing. He glanced faintly at Judah Murdock as he came in, and spoke a few words. Murdock greeted him warmly, and inquired all about the rescue. He tried to excuse his desertion, by saying that he had been thrown out of the boat, and grasped the life-preserver that was floating near him.

"You are a wonderful swimmer."

"Yes, I am a pretty good one."

"But what is the matter? There is blood on your lips."

"Blood?" said Cyril, coolly, and he put his hand to his mouth. "Ah, I believe the doctor said that I have broken a blood vessel. It don't amount to anything, however."

"You had better take care of yourself," said Judah, with apparent concern.

"Oh, there's no fear of me. I'm only anxious about her."

"How is she?"

"In a very critical state. The shock was terrible. She has just recovered from a swoon, and they hope that she will sleep a little."

After a few more inquiries Judah Murdock took his departure.

Leila's position was indeed a critical one. In the terrific excitement of that sudden peril to which she had been exposed, life and reason had almost been overthrown. The exertion of clinging to the boat, against the power of the mighty waves that sought to overwhelm her, had also reduced the powers of nature to their last extremity. So she now lay hovering between life and death.

At last, however, she fell into a deep sleep. Her father hung over her in unspeakable solicitude, with tender care watching her for hours. The afternoon passed away, and evening came on before she awaked. She then opened her eyes, and looked faintly around her.

"Cyril."

She murmured this in a faint voice. A moment after she saw the Judge as he stooped over her.

"Dearest father," she cried, "how did I come here? Was it a dream? Is Cyril home?"

"Yes, Lily," said the Judge. "He is home, and we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. He risked his own life to save yours!"

Leila started up.

"And he?" she cried. "What has become of him?"

"Oh he is safe, thank God! He's in the other room."

A warm blush suffused the lovely face of the maiden, and her eyes grew radiant with joy.

Strength came back to her with startling rapidity, and the power of joy to restore the shattered energies of nature was now witnessed in Leila Rawdon. In a short time she proclaimed herself ready to go home.

The effect upon Cyril was similar. At the first sound of her voice he had started up, and as soon as she came out into the other room, he sprang to meet her. The beautiful face of Leila was filled with mingled expressions of joy and gratitude, and other more tender emotions. Both were too much overcome to speak. Cyril contented himself with pressing the hand of her whom he had saved from a horrible death, and after a few words they all drove off with the Judge.

A few weeks passed away, and the strength and joyous spirits of Leila were completely restored. Cyril too had suffered no injury of any serious nature. They passed the time in one another's society, and gave themselves up to the sweet influences of love.

These two had been companions from childhood, but they had been separated during those years in which maturity is attained. Once again they met with one another, and they found the bonds of childish preference suddenly transferred to the deathless union which love produces. Cyril saw in Leila the perfection of that sweet image which he had carried in his mind for long years; while she, on the other hand, beheld in her lover the one who, in the midst of terror and despair, had started upon her sight like a strong angel who had come to succor and to save.

Thus one evening they walked together on their way home from a ramble on the shore. The moon was shining softly from the cloudless sky, throwing its mellow radiance over all the silent scene, and filling it with glory. They had walked on, arm in arm, in silence, for a long time, until at length Cyril spoke, in low and gentle tones:

"Leila."

She looked up with a smile.

"I wish to tell you something," said Cyril, with much embarrassment. He paused, and at the same moment Leila's up-turned face fell down, her long rich ringlets shading it completely from view. [illegible] all my life." I adore you. You must have seen it all in my manner. I can keep my feelings to myself no longer. I must speak them even if you drive me away forever!"

Leila trembled violently, but did not say a word.

"I have carried your darling image in my heart for years, and in every land I have looked in vain for any face as sweet as yours. I remember every word you ever spoke to me in your life, and ever since I left you my chief happiness has been in thinking of our meeting again. If you had received me only as a brother, it would have made me happy; but I longed for a more tender union. Are my hopes vain? Shall I be disappointed? Oh, tell me, Leila!"

He paused. The faintest sound escaped from Leila's lips, which, however, was plainly heard by Cyril, and sent thrills of rapture through his being.

Then all his long-restrained feelings burst forth in a torrent of passionate exclamations. He twined his arms fondly around her slender form, and pressed her to his heart.

They went on a little distance further, when suddenly they reached a turn in the road.

A man stepped forth and walked up towards them.

"Good evening," he said, in a strange voice. It was Judah Murdock. He was trembling excessively, and his voice was totally altered.

"It's a lovely evening," said he. "How you must have enjoyed your walk."

"Yes, very much," said Cyril, drily.

"Moonlight, beautiful landscape, and pleasant company," said he, with a slight sneer. "What more can be wanted!"

"Nothing," said Cyril; "not even the society of a third person to describe these pleasures!"

"I take the hint," sneered Judah. "I'm not offended at your wish. It is quite natural. Good evening."

He walked away. Reaching the foot of the road, he turned and looked back. Their retreating figures were just entering the Judge's gate.

Standing there, and gazing at them, his face showed a frightful mixture of the fiercest passions. He stretched out his clenched fists and heaped upon them all the curses that hate and jealousy could suggest.

"But why do I waste time here?" he cried, at last. "Fool that I am. Let my curses be in acts, not in words. I must go to my work!"

Saying this he turned again, and walking down the road with rapid steps, he was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER IV.

The elder Murdock was seated in his library. A book was held in his hand, but his eyes were cast on vacancy. The same expression of nervous fear which came upon his face when he first saw Cyril still was fixed upon it.

The moonbeams stole in through the window and scattered a dim light throughout the apartment. It was an old-fashioned room, with massive doors and mantelpiece, small paned windows and large fire-place. The book shelves, which filled three sides of the room, were of oak, and were crowded with volumes of all kinds.

The old man's lips moved, and low sounds escaped him.

"Sin brings its own punishment."

He gave a heavy sigh, and buried his face in his hands.

"Atonement is impossible—there remains only remorse."

And as though there was a strange fascination in the word, he repeated it over and over again:

"Remorse! remorse!"

"What's all this about?" said a sneering voice behind him.

The old man fairly leaped from his seat in terror. For a moment he staggered, until at length catching sight of the speaker, he recovered himself.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Judah?" said he, faintly, and again took his seat.

"Yes," said Judah, "I just came in. You're nervous. Worse than ever. You'd better go to bed."

"Presently, presently."

"I'll ring for a light," said Judah. "I wish to do some writing."

In a few moments a servant brought lights, which diffused a cheerful radiance through the apartment. Judah then drew his chair opposite his father, and both sat for some time in silence, involved in their own thoughts.

"Father,' said Judah, at last.

"Well."

"What makes you look so at Cyril Aymar?"

"Cyril Aymar! Do I look at him in any peculiar way?" said the old man, with evident uneasiness.

"Yes, you do—in a very peculiar way. It seems like a mixture of suspicion and fear. What is the reason?"

"Well," said the other, after a pause, "perhaps you mistake my expression. I don't know what you mean by suspicion and fear. There may be something in him which excites emotion."

"What can there be?"

"Oh, sometimes we see strange resemblances in people, which awaken memories."

"And it is so in this case—is it?"

The old man was silent.

"You must have had some singular experiences in your early life."

"All people have, more or less," said the other, in a tone which was meant to check further inquiry.

"It cannot be Cyril Aymar himself who excites my father. It is his resemblance to some one," thought Judah. "That one whom he resembles is the object of dread. Now, who is he? Let me summon up all my faculties to penetrate my father's mystery. If I could only draw from him a hint! But he is too cautious.

"Could it have been a love affair?" he thought. "No; Cyril does not look like his mother. There is only one human being whom he resembles, and that is his father. He is the living image of Blount Aymar.

"Blount Aymar! Ah! there it must be. He is the sharer of my father's secret. He is the one who threw such a shadow over his life. It must be—it must be. My father was born in this country. That I know. He lived here in his youth long enough to gain the fixed characteristics of a native which long years of travel have not been able to obliterate. Then this dark event in his life must have taken place. He sees Cyril Aymar now with dreadful emotion. He is reminded by his face of his early life. Cyral recalls Blount. I have it! I am on the very verge of the secret!

"My father and Blount Aymar must have been in contact with one another in some mysterious way, and the result has been an act of some kind which has blasted my father's life. Did Blount Aymar cause this?"

Thus Judah Murdock mused. His mind gained new powers from the intensity of his hate towards Cyril. Often before had he attempted to penetrate his father's secret, but in vain. Now, however, it seemed as if he had found a clue. Eagerly he longed for further progress. All the raging passions that struggled within him incited him to further advance.

Suddenly he broke the silence, and looking steadily at his father, [illegible] him, in the most [illegible]

"Was Blount Aymar older than you?"

The old man looked up with a face of agony. Large drops started on his brow, and his countenance was overspread by a deathly pallor. He looked at Judah for some moments with a penetrating gaze, as though he would read into his very soul. Judah was amazed at the effect of his question, and bore the scrutiny of the old man with a secret triumph.

"Why do you look so at me, father?" he asked.

"What do you mean by that question that you asked?"

"I don't know. A thought struck me. It's a simple question. I was wondering whether you or Blount——"

The old man started to his feet in a kind of frenzy:

"Stop!" he said, interrupting his son. "Never couple my name with his! What do you mean by talking about *him?*"

"You needn't get so excited," said Judah, coolly. "It's a very natural inquiry. Cyril Aymar and I are old acquaintances. I am a few years older than he. Is it strange that I should think about the respective ages of his father and mine?"

But the suspicions of his father could not be allayed. He saw that there was something deeper than this. The very mention of that name by his son had excited him to a fearful degree, and all his morbid fancies seemed to awaken with tenfold strength.

"How should I know that this name would affect you so?" said Judah.

"I wish you never to mention it," said his father.

"Oh, certainly not. I never did before. In fact, I never had occasion to."

"And what occasion have you now?"

"None but what I told you."

His father again relapsed into a deep fit of musing. Judah noticed that his eyes would be directed at him every little while. He pretended not to see it."

"One thing is clear," thought he; "and that is, that Blount Aymar is at the bottom of this secret. He is the corner-stone. He seemed to have held in his hand my father's destiny. Good or bad, he has evidently been his evil genius.

"What could it have been. Plainly, it could not have arisen from rivalry in love. My father married like everybody else, and never gave any signs of love-sickness. What could it have been? This Blount Aymar, when he was young, was, no doubt, just such a fellow as this cursed Cyril. He was not exactly the man that could commit a crime; and yet crime of some kind undoubtedly lies at the bottom of this secret, and gives it all its power. Crime of the worst description. My father said there could be no atonement. Why? Atonement is possible as long as the injured one lives; that is, atonement of some kind, however inadequate; it is only impossible when the injured one is dead.

"If it be crime," thought he, still eagerly pursuing the idea, "it must be one which brings a heavy penalty, else why should the secret be guarded so tenaciously. Probably, Blount Aymar and my father were both concerned in it, and were equally guilty. Yet he holds up his head and is happy, while my father has had to bear the burden. Curses on him for the shade that he has thrown on my father's life. Curses on his son! Oh, if I could trace this secret back to him, till I found his name stained with some crime that the law could reach, I would willingly give my own life the moment after I had tasted so sweet a revenge! Yes, it must be—it must be crime!"

So earnest was he, and so absorbed in these thoughts that he uttered these last few words in an audible voice.

His father started up and grasped his arm convulsively. Looking up, he saw the old man's form shaken with spasmodic shudders, and his eyes distended, while his whole face was overspread with horror.

"Judah! Judah!" he cried, in tones not at all like his own; "you are trying to search out that which would crush you with its weight if you discovered it. You shall never learn it. It shall perish with me. Go no further. Make no inquiries. For God's sake, rest content with ignorance. It will die with me. It will die with me—and soon; for the thoughts of the last few weeks have worn away life and strength."

He said these last few words in a weary, wandering way, and feebly retired from the room.

CHAPTER V.

Judah paced the room long and anxiously after his father left. A thousand thoughts passed through his mind, and a thousand schemes were suggested. How should he unravel this mystery? How reach the end which he desired. His father's jealous watchfulness baffled all attempts at discovery. Never could he hope to catch him off his guard, for the simple reason that his whole life seemed to be one long and studied carefulness about this very thing. The slightest imaginable approach to a question on the subject, was enough, as he had seen, not only to put his father on the alert, but to make him almost frantic in his jealous concealment.

At last one thought stood up clear and luminous from all the others that thronged his brain. As he saw the massive escritoire, which for years had been the depository of his father's papers, he thought that there lay that which might disclose all. That escritoire was carefully constructed, with doors within doors, each of which was locked by its separate key, and those keys were never out of his father's possession. If he could only get those keys. He had never seen the papers of that sacred depository. If he could only open it now! But how?

Hours had passed since his father left. He was now, without doubt, fast asleep. His mind was made up in an instant.

With the noiseless tread that characterized him, he ascended to his father's bedroom. He opened the door, and silently advanced to the bed. The moonbeams gave sufficient light to enable him to see the sleeper distinctly, whose heavy breathing showed that his weary spirit was enjoying the blessedness of slumber.

Losing no time, he examined his father's clothes. He searched all the pockets, feeling all the time like a guilty thing. All was in vain. Not a sign of a key was there.

Only one place remained for him to search, and that was beneath his father's pillow. But then the danger of waking him was too great. And if his father waked and found him in his room, he would always afterward barricade the door against him.

But now that he was on this errand, he was not the man to be stopped by small obstacles like these. He soon thought of a plan. Retiring from the bedroom, he went to his own apartment and got a vial of chloroform. Returning once more, he moistened a handkerchief and held it over his father's face.

Then he dexterously insinuated his hand under the pillow. There was a pistol there, and an unsheathed stiletto. His father did not move. He felt all around. At last his heart beat fast, he touched a bunch of keys.

To secure them, to hurry back to the library and to open the escritore was but the work of a moment.

How hurriedly he gazed upon the drawers and [illegible] lay before him. But there was no time to lose. One by one he opened the numerous drawers, and examined the contents. There were old business letters, bonds and mortgages, title-deeds, and policies of insurance, promissory notes, and valuable business documents of every description. These he hastily examined and carefully replaced in exactly the same order in which he found them.

He did not leave a single document without examination, nor did he omit a single drawer or pigeon-hole. His work was rapid also, for the intense excitement of the moment had sharpened every mental faculty to an extraordinary degree. One glance was sufficient to tell him the whole nature of any paper that he met with. One thing he saw, and that was, that his father had traversed almost every land, and lived in each, for here were papers of value bearing dates from every important foreign capital; and written in many different languages.

Still he had not found what he wished.

But one compartment now remained. To this he arrived with eager excitement. It was a thick iron door, with a very peculiar lock and key. He unlocked it. Inside this was yet another door, for which he had some difficulty in finding a proper key. But at length this, too, was opened.

Inside, there lay a number of papers. One was a certificate of stock in the British Consols for a considerable amount, another was a diploma of some society in France. Several other valuable papers were there, but none were what Judah wanted.

He had searched it all. There was nothing more to be examined. In bitter disappointment he turned away. It was evident that his father did not trust his secret to papers. He was a fool, he thought, for running the risk of this search.

And yet it seemed hard for him to lock up the escritoire and leave it. He again went to it, and narrowly scrutinized it in every part, to see if there were not some secret drawer somewhere about—some spring, or knob. So narrowly did he now examine it that not a scratch escaped him. Everything was made the subject of a severe inspection. At length he returned to the little iron closet, and closely examined the interior. Was that a rivet on the side, or what? Ah! as he looked he found that the edges of one side were not so closely joined as the others. He took the little rivet between his thumb and forefinger, and pressed it in different directions. At last he pulled it toward him, and lo! the whole side moved out.

In a little cell, on the side now uncovered, lay three small, unpretending pieces of paper.

One was a little package. He hastily opened it. It was a lock of long, and dark, and richly curling hair. Upon the paper was written the name, "Emily, 1826," and no more. Carefully refolding this he opened the next. It was a small sheet of paper folded as a note. In it was written in pencil marks, which had almost faded out in the lapse of years:

"I will be at the grove by the homestead this evening at eight o'clock. EMILY."
"Nov. 10, 1827."

"Some old love affair. The old man seems to feel soft about it yet. What a humbug it would be if this were all. But let me see the third paper."

It was a piece of parchment. It was square in shape, and covered with a square block of unintelligible characters. Judah turned it over and over, but could make nothing of it.

Suddenly he hurried to the table, and sitting down, he made an exact copy of the inscription on the parchment, character for character, and stroke for stroke. When this was done, he carefully put these papers back in their places, and locked up the escritoire as he had found it.

Then he returned to his father's room. Before entering, he again had resort to the chloroform. As he stepped inside, he heard his father murmur in his sleep. He listened:

"Emily! Oh, God!"

Other broken sounds followed, from which Judah could distinguish nothing. He then held the handkerchief over his father's face, as before, and in the heavy slumber that followed the inhalation of the fumes from the chloroform, he replaced the keys in exactly the same place where he found them.

"This 'Emily' seems to haunt him," said Judah to himself. "'Emily' and 'Blount Aymar'—on these two hang all the mystery!"

Judah Murdock locked himself up in his room, and gave himself up completely to the arduous task of deciphering the inscription. He had been familiar to some extent with the art of unravelling secret cyphers, and knew that it was possible to discover anything that could be written. So eager did he become in this task, that if it had required a year, he would have spent every hour of the necessary time.

Day after day passed, and found him still at his labor, without success.

He tried all the languages that he was at all acquainted with, but did no better.

At length, after a week's labor, he discovered a clue towards deciphering it.

Three days more passed, and gradually light came.

At last it all lay before him—the terrible secret of a life-time—the black memorial of crime, agony, and despair.

Turning the signs into English letters, it was as follows:

O S T L O S T E M I L Y * * *
L L I F E I S O N E L O N G A
E R A T U R E S E E M S T O G
V A N T H E B O T T O M O P O
O M L T U R D E R E D H F R N
L Y L A M L O V E D H E A O Y
Y A A S I I R I A M E R N C A
M R D E R D O I N E R H O L N
H A A I E R M E M M E E L A D
O M E L H O F Y L I B R D I I
E Y T Y D E Y A R T E M W M W
S A S D O B D E L G N A E M O
R T E M O H E H T N O L L Y U
O U O Y R C D N A T L I U G L
W S I H T A E D T U B E I D D

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It would have done your heart good—if you had chanced to be a nice-looking young bachelor—to see Milly Grover about her "kitchen work," and made you get married, just out of aggravation! The old folks had gone to "sewing society" down to Squire Jennings's, and left her to keep house. And after "doing up things" in the kitchen to her satisfaction, Milly "fixed herself up" and went into the family room; and we would have defied any city belle, under the flash of gilded chandeliers, to look half as pretty as Milly Grover, knitting by the light of one tallow candle, in its chalice of shining brass!

Click, click, click! It was such a soft tapping at the door, that for a moment Milly was uncertain whether it was a real genuine knock, or only the honeysuckle branches against the window-pane.

"Why, Zeke, is it you?"

"Who else should it be?" returned Ezekiel Hill, a gigantic young six-footer, in his Sunday suit, very good-looking, but just at the present moment overwhelmed with blushing bashfulness.

"Sit down, won't you? I'm sorry father [illegible] stirring the logs.

Zeke sat down, and commenced twirling his big thumbs over one another, and staring steadfastly at the red embers, with an occasional side-peep at Milly's glancing knitting-needles. What wouldn't Zeke have given at that moment for the glib tongue and exhaustless small talk of a city beau? Zeke could have halloed over two fields to any of his farm workmen—he could have harangued the Young Men's Debating Association half an hour at a stretch, and he was first wag and wit at all the apple-parings and corn-huskings in the neighborhood, but notwithstanding and nevertheless, here he was stricken dumb by the mere presence of Milly Grover!

"Nice evening!" said Zeke at length, with a sudden inspiration.

"Very nice," said Milly, dropping a stitch, and bending low over her work to pick it up again.

Another silence ensued.

"Pretty cold, though," hazarded Zeke, with a desperate effort at easy chat.

"It *is* cold," assented Milly, and Zeke looked hard at the row of aldermanic mince-pies on the dresser-shelf in the kitchen beyond, as if in search of an idea. Milly knitted on with white twinkling fingers, and coral lips half apart, in the intentness of "counting her stitches."

Suddenly Zeke hitched his chair up close to Milly's, with a determination to plunge bolt into his subject.

"Do you know what day to-morrow is, Milly?" said he, sheepishly.

"To-morrow? why, Friday, isn't it?"

"Pshaw, you know better, Milly—it is Valentine's Day!"

"O, so it *is!*" ejaculated the pretty little hypocrite, just as if she hadn't known it weeks and weeks ago.

"And I want to send a valentine to a girl I know, Milly."

She blushed redder than the string of peppers over the great kitchen fire-place, and dropped half a dozen stitches from her trembling needle. It was coming at last—the hour she had dreamed of, and thought of, and scarcely dared to hope for, these six months. She was almost fearful that Zeke would hear the loud, muffled beating of her heart; but no, he went on:

"And I thought perhaps you would help me about it a little—you know I'm not much of a scholar."

Milly's heart sank down, down to the very sole of her little slipper. So it was only to select love verses for some other girl that he had sought her that evening. Perhaps it was Mary Denison, the red-cheeked, black-eyed damsel who led the village choir, wherein Zeke growled out a superfine base, Sunday mornings; perhaps Jenny Allen, whose father kept the Grayville store. The candle shone through a circlet of dimness, and the great pine logs seemed to glow among rings of mist; but Milly kept up a brave heart, and answered cheerily:

"Of course I will help you, Mr. Hill."

"*Mr.* Hill!"

"Well, Zeke, then," said Milly, laughing. Yes, she actually laughed, the valorous little damsel.

"You see," said Zeke, sheepishly, "I love her very, *very* much, and somehow, whenever I try to tell her of it, I—I can't say a word except to stammer and stutter, and make a fool of myself. So I want to write it, plainly and frankly, in a valentine, and send it to her."

Peppers were at a discount now, so much more scarlet was Zeke's great whiskered face, as he sat there eyeing his flying thumbs, and moving his feet uneasily over the floor. But Milly was pale—pale as ashes.

"What shall I write? Come, Milly, you always wrote the best compositions at Cap'n Jones's school; do help a fellow out of this scrape somehow. If I say

> 'The rose is red, the violet blue,
> The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you!'

she'll think it's only a common compliment, instead of a declaration of love. And Uncle Jabe Dickson says that when he was young the lovers used to write to one another on St. Valentine's Day,

> 'If you loves I as I loves you,
> No knife shall cut our loves in two.'

But I don't think that's exactly *apropos* to my state of feeling and the year 1862."

Zeke and Milly both laughed together. Somehow or other this touch of the ridiculous cleared away a little of the formality between them, and Zeke resumed:

"What would *you* write, Milly, if you were a young man, and wanted to ask a pretty girl to have you, and couldn't? Should it be prose or poetry? Of course I don't pretend to write anything original—I'd rather chop a cord of wood any day—but we might get a love-verse out of some of your father's books."

"Nonsense!" said Milly, edging away, as Zeke's chair slowly approached her own. "I wouldn't do any such thing."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, just write your question in plain English."

"You wouldn't write 'I love you dearly—will you have me?'"

"To be sure I would."

Zeke sat meditating.

"Would she be astonished, do you think?"

"I don't know—perhaps she would."

Zeke drew a sheet of pink paper, neatly folded, from the breast-pocket of his coat, and a pen. Then he rose slowly up, and reached the little ink-bottle down from the mantel-piece, and deposited it on Milly's work-stand.

"Now then, here goes," said Zeke, plunging his pen into the ink.

Splash went a huge circular drop upon the very centre of Zeke's rose-tinted page.

"Never mind," said Milly, half laughing, in spite of her tribulation, at the horrified gaze with which Zeke regarded the marred splendor of the stationery. "I can get you another."

She reached a little sheet of purple note-paper from the table-drawer, and placed it before the ambitious lover.

A second time Zeke dipped his pen into the inky pool, and began more cautiously.

"February 14th—St. Valentine's Day. (That's right for the date, isn't it, Milly?)"

Milly nodded.

"Would you begin it 'My dearest girl?'"

"Certainly."

Zeke was silent for a moment or two. O, how Milly's heart ached. She was sure that neither Mary Denison nor Jenny Allen cared half so much for the handsome, frank, young farmer as she did; they only liked him because his father was rich, and he a pleasant comrade at the village frolics; she loved him because he was Zeke Hill, and now——

"Milly, why don't you answer me?"

"Did you speak?" exclaimed she, starting, and blushing all over.

"Of course I did. I told you that I had written just what you advise: 'My dearest girl—I love you dearly; will you have me for a Valentine to-day and always?'"

"Rather an improvement on my text," said Milly, smiling faintly. "And now sign it."

"Must I write my whole name under it? I had rather say only E. H."

"Very well; I presume she will understand it," sighed Milly, softly.

Ezekiel folded it with a face of beaming satis- [illegible] an elegant finish.

"Well, good-night, Milly," said he, slowly rising, and glancing towards the old clock in the corner. "It's getting late, and I must be home. I am *very* much obliged to you for helping me about my Valentine."

"You are quite welcome," said Milly, quietly. She watched him slowly pass down the little box-bordered path, and lift the wicket of the front gate, pausing a moment to look up at the million-army of stars in the clear concave of heaven as he went on.

Then she sat down in her low seat by the kitchen fire, and cried bitterly, until her cheeks were like rose-leaves drenched in a summer rain, and her bright eyes were considerably dimmed. And when Mr. Grover and his wife came home precisely as the clock struck ten, they found "Dorcas," the help, sitting up for them. Milly had gone to bed with a bad headache! Poor child! if she had said *heart-ache* she would have been considerably nearer the truth.

The eastern sky was all rosy with the fires of the coming St. Valentine's Day, when Milly woke up—woke from a deep and heavy slumber. So soundly had she slept, that the footsteps of an early riser on the frosted grass underneath her latticed casement had never roused her.

She dressed slowly, scarcely glancing at the tiny mirror; yet she had never looked prettier than at that moment. Her cheek was unusually flushed, and her eyes burning with a restless brilliancy, while the little merino wrapper which she wore was becoming in its very simplicity.

As she fastened a small pin of coral and gold, the finishing touch to her toilet, into the white linen collar around her throat, she moved carelessly towards the casement to open it, that the fresh morning breeze might play upon her fevered brow.

Surely that was not a note, in delicate lavender paper, thrust under the casing? It *was;* and Milly uttered a little scream as she sprang towards the silent visiter.

"It cannot—no, it cannot be from Zeke?"

But it was from Zeke—the identical Valentine which she had so grudgingly helped to compose the evening before.

"MY DEAREST GIRL:—I love you dearly; will you have me for a Valentine, to-day and always? E. H."

The bright blushes rolled in crimson tides over Milly's cheek, and she perused the few simple words again and again, and pondered on the direction, "Milly Grover," until the letters seemed to swim before her eyes. How could she ever have misinterpreted Zeke so absurdly? And yet—and yet it seemed almost too much happiness for her.

At length she threw open the window—a low, deep casement, from which she could at any time step forth upon the withered parterres of flowers; but all of a sudden the radiant banners of the cloudless February sun were obscured by the six feet of Zeke Hill's sturdy length, and a frosted whisker came into close contact with her rosy cheek.

"I'm the first man you've seen this morning, Milly! I *know* it, for I've been under this window since daybreak! My dear little Valentine, you know the penalty!"

And a volley of kisses followed.

"So your mysterious Valentine was for *me?*" pouted Milly, the first moment she could recover the use of her lips to speak.

"Why, of course it was! I couldn't muster courage to speak out any other way; but *now* the spell is broken, thanks to blessed St. Valentine! Say *yes*, Milly, and make me happy for ever!"

And Milly whispered "yes," her curls all goldened with the splendor of the sunrise, and the cedar boughs whispering softly above her head, as if they, too, had once been young, and made love to one another on St. Valentine's Day!

THE BATTLE-GROUND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Oh, it is very terrible!
  The great trees moan around;
A thousand corses, stark and grim,
  Are ghastly on the ground:
The pale moon seems to hold her breath
Above this horrent scene of death.

Whose are these corses strewn around?
  Met they from different lands?
What were the thoughts that lit their breath?
  Why reddened they their hands?
O, Night-wind, answer, while your hymn
Of sorrow stirs this forest dim!

No answer from the Night-wind comes:
  Then Moon, from yon bleak sky,
Wilt thou not to that questioning
  Give low, but true, reply?—
Ah, not the slightest murmur—there
She gazes silent as Despair.

Why should they speak? *They* had no voice
  In all this murderous fray:
Not *they* impelled unto the fight
  Upon that awful day:
O Wind and Moon, ye have a right
To make *man* answer in this night!

Whose are the corses strewn around?—
  Mercy!—ah, must I tell?
Yet why not speak?—the shuddering world
  Shall [illegible] soon too well:—
Oh, horror! these are *brothers* round,
So stark upon this murderous ground!

Ambition saw the swords of some—
  But [illegible] fought for *Right*;
They [illegible] not dare to see their Flag
  Rob[illegible] of a single light—
That [illegible] that, in the days of old,
For [illegible]dom, like a whirlwind rolled.

Be [illegible] be still, ye forest-boughs!
  Go down, thou Moon! and leave
My mournful, weeping, cypressed soul
  Alone o'er these to grieve!—
Oh horror! these are *brothers* round,
So stark upon this murderous ground!

◆

INTO GOOD GROUND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What do you think of the sermon, Mr. Braxton?" said one church member to another, as the two men passed from the vestibule of St. Marks out into the lofty portico.

Mr. Braxton gave a slight shrug, perceived by his companion as a sign of disapproval. They moved along, side by side, down the broad steps to the pavement, closely pressed by the retiring audience.

"Strong meat," said the first speaker, as they got free of the crowd and commenced moving down the street.

"Too strong for my stomach," replied Mr. Braxton. "Something must have gone wrong with our minister when he sat down to write that discourse."

"Indigestion, perhaps."

"Or neuralgia," said Mr. Braxton.

"He was in no amiable mood—that much is certain. Why, he set nine-tenths of us over on the left hand side, among the goats, as remorselessly as if he were an avenging Nemesis. He actually made me shudder."

"That kind of literal application of texts to the living men and women in a congregation is not only in bad taste, but presumptuous and blasphemous. What right has a clergyman to [illegible] forced constructions to parables and vague generalities in Scripture, about the actual meaning of which divines in all ages have differed; and, pointing his finger to me or to you, say—'The case is yours, sir!' I shall not sit patiently under many more such sermons."

Mr. Braxton evidently spoke from a disturbed state of mind. Something in the discourse had struck at the foundations of self-love and self-complacency.

"Into one ear, and out at the other. So it is with me, in cases like this," answered Mr. Braxton's companion, in a changed and lighter tone. "If a preacher chooses to be savage; to write from dyspeptic and neuralgic states; to send his congregation, unshrived, to the nether regions—why, I shrug my shoulders and let it pass. Most likely, on the next Sunday, he will be full of consideration for tender consciences, and grandly shut the gate he threw open so widely on the last occasion. It would never answer, you know, to take these things to heart—never in the world. We'd always be getting into hot water. Clergymen have their moods, like other people. It doesn't answer to forget this. Good morning, Mr. Braxton. Our ways part here."

"Good morning," was replied, and the men separated.

But, try as Mr. Braxton would to set his minister's closely applied doctrine from Scripture to the account of dyspepsia or neuralgia, he was unable to push from his mind certain convictions wrought therein by the peculiar manner in which some positions had been argued and sustained. The subject taken by the minister, was that striking picture of the judgment to which every man must come at death, given in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew from the thirty-first verse to the close of the chapter, beginning: "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." The passage concludes: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

Now, although Mr. Braxton had complained of the literal application of this text, that term was hardly admissible, for the preacher waived the idea of a last general judgment, as involved in the letter of Scripture, and declared his belief in a spiritual signification as lying beneath the letter, and applicable to the inner life of every single individual at the period of departure from this world; adding, in this connexion, briefly: "But do not understand me as in any degree waiving the strictness of judgment to which every soul will have to submit. It will not be limited by his acts, but go down to his ends of life—to his motives and his quality—and the sentence will really be a judgment upon what he *is*, not upon what he has *done*; although, taking the barest literal sense, only actions are regarded."

In opening and illustrating his text, he said, farther: "As the Word of God, according to its own declarations, is spirit and life—treats, in fact, by virtue of its divine and scriptural origin, of divine and spiritual things, must we not go beneath the merely obvious and natural meaning, if we would get to its true significance? Is there not a hunger of the soul as well as of the body? May we not be spiritually athirst, and strangers? naked, sick, and in prison? This being so, can we confidently look for the invitation, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' if our regard for the neighbor have not reached beyond his bodily life? If we have never considered his spiritual wants and sufferings, and ministered thereto according to our ability? Just in the degree that the soul is more precious than the body, is the degree of our responsibility under this more interior signification of Scripture. The more natural acts of feeding the hungry and giving water to the thirsty, of visiting the sick, and those who lie in prison, of clothing the naked and entertaining strangers, will not save us in our last day, if we have neglected the higher duties involved in the divine admonition. Nor will even the supply of spiritual nourishment to hungry and thirsty souls be accounted to us for righteousness. We must find a higher meaning still in the text. Are we not, each one of us, starving for heavenly food? spiritually exhausted with thirst? naked, sick, in prison? Are we eating, daily, of the bread of life? drinking at the wells of God's truth? putting on the garments of righteousness? finding balm for our sick souls in Gilead? breaking the bonds of evil? turning from strange lands, and coming back to our father's house? If not, I warn you, men and brethren, that you are not in the right way. That, taking the significance of God's Word, which is truth itself, there is no reasonable ground of hope for your salvation."

It was not with Mr. Braxton as with his friend. He could not let considerations like these enter one ear and go out at the other. From earliest childhood he had received careful instruction. Parents, teachers and preachers had all shared in the work of storing his mind with the precepts of religion, and now, in manhood, his conscience rested on these and upon the states wrought therefrom in the impressible substance of his mind. Try as he would, he found the effort to push aside early convictions and early impressions a simple impossibility; and, notwithstanding these had been laid on the foundation of a far more literal interpretation of Scripture than the one to which he had just been listening, his maturer reason accepted the preacher's clear application of the law, and conscience, like an angel, went down into his heart, and troubled the waters which had been at peace.

Mr. Braxton was a man of thrift. He had started in life with a purpose, and that purpose he was steadily attaining. To the god of this world he offered daily sacrifice; and in his heart really desired no higher good than seemed attainable through outward things. Wealth, position, honor among men—these bounded his real aspiration. But prior things in his mind were continually reaching down and affecting his present states. He could not forget that life was short, and earthly possessions and honors but the things of a day. That as he brought nothing into this world, so he could take nothing out. That, without a religious life, he must not hope for heaven. In order to get free from the disturbing influence of these prior things, and to lay the foundations of a future hope, Mr. Braxton became a church member, and, so far as all Sabbath observances were concerned, a devout worshipper. Thus he made a truce with conscience, and conscience having gained so much, accepted for a period the truce, and left Mr. Braxton in good odor with himself.

A man who goes regularly to church, and reads his Bible, cannot fail to have questions and controversies about truths, duties, and the requirements of religion. The barest literal interpretation of Scripture will, in most cases, oppose the action of self-love; and he will not fail to see in the law of spiritual life a requirement wholly in opposition to the law of natural life. In the very breadth of this literal requirement, however, he finds a way of escape from literal observance. To give to all who ask; to lend to all who would borrow; [illegible] forcibly; to turn the left cheek when the right is smitten—all this is to him so evidently but figure of speech, that he does not find it very hard to satisfy conscience. Setting these passages aside, as not to be taken in the sense of the letter, he does not find it very difficult to dispose of others that come nearer to the obvious duties of man to man—such, for instance, as that in the illustration of which, by the preacher, Mr. Braxton's self-complacency had been so much disturbed. He had never done much in the way of feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, or visiting the sick and in prison—never done anything of set purpose, in fact. If people were hungry, it was mostly their own fault, and to feed them would be to encourage idleness and vice. All the other items in the catalogue were as easily disposed of; and so the literal duties involved might have been set forth in the most impassioned eloquence, Sabbath after Sabbath, without much disturbing the fine equipoise of Mr. Braxton. Alas for his peace of mind!—the preacher of truth had gone past the dead letter, and revealed its spirit and its life. Suddenly he felt himself removed, as it were, to an almost impossible distance from the heaven into which, as he had complacently flattered himself, he should enter by the door of mere ritual observances, when the sad hour came for giving up the delightful things of this pleasant world. No wonder that Mr. Braxton was disturbed—no wonder that, in his first convictions touching those more interior truths, which made visible the sandy foundations whereon he was building his eternal hopes, he should regard the application of doctrine as personal and even literal.

It was not so easy a thing to set aside the duty of ministering to the hungry, sick, and naked human souls around him, thousands of whom, for lack of spiritual nourishment, medicine and clothing, were in danger of perishing eternally. And the preacher, in dwelling upon this great duty of all Christian men and women, had used emphatic language.

"I give you," he said, "God's judgment of the case—not my own. 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away;' where? 'To everlasting punishment!' Who shall go thus, in the last day, from this congregation?"

As Mr. Braxton sat alone, on the evening of that Sabbath, troubled by the new thoughts which came flowing into his mind, the full impression of this scene in church came back upon him. There was an almost breathless pause. Men leaned forward in their pews; the low, almost whispered, tones of the minister were heard with thrilling distinctness in even the remotest parts of the house.

"Who?" he repeated, and the stillness grew more profound. Then, slowly, impressively, almost sadly, he said;

"I cannot hide the truth. As God's ambassador, I must give the message; and it is this: If you, my brother, are not ministering to the wants of the hungry and thirsty, the stranger, the sick in prison, you are of those who will have to go away."

And the minister shut the Book, and sat down. If, as we have intimated, the preacher had limited Christian duty to bodily needs, Mr. Braxton would not have been much exercised in mind. He had found an easy way to dispose of these merely literal interpretations of scripture. Now, his life was brought to the judgment of a more interior law, as expounded that day. It was in vain that he endeavored to reject the law; for the more he tried to do this, the clearer it was seen in the light of perceptive truth.

"God help me, if this be so!" he exclaimed, in a moment of more perfect realization of what was meant in the Divine Word. "Who shall stand in the judgment?"

For awhile he endeavored to turn himself away from convictions that were grounding themselves deeper and deeper every moment. To shut his eyes in willful blindness, and refuse to see in the purer light which had fallen around him. But this effort only brought his mind into severer conflict, and consciously removed him to an almost fatal distance from the paths leading upward to the mountains of peace.

"This is the way, walk ye in it." A clear voice rose above the noise of strife in his soul, and his soul grew calm and listened. He no longer wrought at the fruitless task of rejecting the higher truths which were illustrating his mind, but let them flow in, and by virtue thereof examined the state of his inner life. Now it was that his eyes were in a degree opened, so that he could apprehend the profounder meanings of Scripture. The parables were flooded with new light. He understood, as he had never understood before, why the guest, unclothed with a wedding garment, was cast out from the feast; and why the door was shut upon the virgins who had no oil in their lamps. He had always regarded these parables as involving a hidden meaning—as intended to convey spiritual instruction under literal forms—but, now, they spoke in a language that applied itself to his inward state, and warned him that without a marriage garment, woven in the loom of interior life, where ends and motives rule, he could never be the King's guest; warned him that without the light of divine truth in his understanding, and the oil of love to God and the neighbor in his heart, the door of the Kingdom would be shut against him. Ritual observances were, to these, but outward forms, dry husks, except when truly representative of that worship in the soul which subordinates natural affections to what is spiritual and divine.

At last the seed fell into good ground. Mr. Braxton had been a "way-side" hearer; but, ere the good seed had time to germinate, fowls came and devoured it. He had been a "stony-ground" hearer, receiving the truth with gladness, but having no root in himself. He had been as the ground choked with thorns, suffering the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches to choke and hinder the growth of heavenly life. Now, into good ground the seed had at last fallen; and though the evil one tried to snatch it away, its hidden life, moving to the earth's quick invitation, was already giving prophetic signs of thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, in the harvest time.

Why was there good ground in the mind of Mr. Braxton? Good ground, even though he was wedded to external life; a self-seeker; a lover of the world? In the answer to this question lies a most important truth for all to whom God has committed the care of children. Unless good ground is formed, as it was in his case, by early instruction; by storing up in the memory and consciousness truths from the Bible, and states of good affections; by weaving into the web and woof of the forming mind precepts of religion; there is small hope for the future. If these are not made a part of the forming life, things opposite will be received, and determine spiritual capabilities. Influx of life into the soul must be through prior things; as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined; as the child's memory and consciousness is stored, so will the man develop and progress. Take heart, then, doubting parent; if you have, in all faithfulness, woven precious truths, and tender, pious, unselfish states into the texture of your child's mind—though the fruit is not yet seen, depend on it, that the treasured remains [illegible] They are the means by which angels lead precious souls in the heavenward way.

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GERTRUDE'S LILIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "[illegible]."

Out in the garden there, up at the Hofmeister's great house, grow the loveliest flowers! Roses and lilies stand side by side in their trim beds, and shed the most delicious perfume.

Heinrich and Gertrude came, running from the house—where they had been sent with some work—into the garden. "Oh, what lovely flowers!" cried they, and they smelt at the fragrant blossoms, and wished that they might pluck them; but that was forbidden!

"Here are two that have fallen on the ground," said Gertrude; "there is one for me and one for thee, Heinrich."

"But may we take them?" said Heinrich.

"Here comes old Caspar!" cried Gertrude. "I will ask him;" and she ran up to the old gardener, who gave them permission to take the flowers.

"We will carry them home to our mother," said Heinrich. "They are lovelier than those in thy garden, Gertrude."

So saying, they departed.

The mother of the children was standing by the door of the poor cottage washing, when the children rushed laughing up, to show her their treasures. The mother smiled on her children, and praised the lovely flowers. "They are called lilies," she said.

"How pure and white they are!" said the little Gertrude. "It makes me think of our dear Lord to look at these flowers."

"Come, and let us plant them in thy garden," said Heinrich.

An old flower-pot had been buried in the garden, and in it grew some wild pinks. They had never been trained, and long green shoots spread out over the ground. The children called it their little garden, and here they came to plant their new treasures. They dug little holes in the ground with their fingers, set the lilies upright, and pressed down the mould around them.

"Now they are like my white doves!" cried Heinrich. "They stand so straight—side by side—one wishes to make them march!—one, two! one, two!"

"But winter is coming," cried Gertrude; "they will be all covered up with the snow."

"They will bloom again," said Heinrich; "knowest thou not how deep the drifts were last year, over the Hofmeister's garden? yet it was so fair to-day."

The little Gertrude was at peace; and the two children, their arms lovingly entwined, stood looking at the lilies until they heard their father's step.

Soon they were seated at the humble table; and were quite still while the pious father asked a blessing on the food. They had only a black loaf, and a little curd cheese, but they eat with contented hearts, and were satisfied.

The children were now to go to bed, and they knelt beside their mother's knee to say their evening hymn:

"Jesus, see thy little lambs
  To their tender shepherd come,
Fold us in thy loving arms
  Till the dreary night is gone!

"Thou who led'st in pastures sweet
  All thy flock of old, below,
Oh! direct our wandering feet
  Where the living waters flow.

"By Thy side we feel no fear;
  Nought can harm us—nought affright,
Saviour, our petition hear,
  Oh! be with us through the night!"

When they had repeated these words, they kissed their kind parents, and their loving father laid his hand on each little head, saying: "God bless thee, my children," and so they went to bed.

On the following morning, they ran into the garden the first thing, to see their dear flowers; but, alas! they were all faded and brown! They could not grow, for they had no roots.

"Oh, my flower!" cried the little Gertrude. "Look—it is stricken to the earth!"

"And mine, too," said her brother, sadly; "but do not weep, dear Trudchen; our mother will, perhaps, send us again to the Hofmeister's, and we can ask the kind old Caspar to give us another flower."

But Gertrude was not to be comforted; her little heart was brimming with sorrow. She sat down with the poor faded flower in her hand, and wept bitterly. Her eyes were covered with her little apron, and she did not see that the Hofmeister himself had entered the gate.

"What ails thee, my child?" the good Herr said, gently.

Gertrude raised her head, and seeing how kindly he looked upon her, she sadly said:

"Oh, gracious Herr, I and Heinrich found these broken flowers lying in thy garden. The old Caspar gave them to us, and we planted them with our pinks; but they have faded—our only, our dear lilies."

"Poor little one!" said the good Hofmeister, "and thou weepest! but be not so sad, little Trudchen; perhaps they may yet bloom in the merry spring! Thou hast but to take hope!" and so saying, the Hofmeister went his way; and the little Gertrude, who no longer wept, ran joyously to seek Heinrich, leaving the faded flowers on the ground.

But when the little stars peeped out one by one, and the children sweetly slept, the good Hofmeister sent old Caspar to the hut, bidding him plant, in the broken flower-pot, a root of the rarest and loveliest lily. The good old man did as his master had said, and placed the lily root deep in the mould. It was as though the lily lay in a little grave, from whence it would burst in the spring time; even as the soul, springing from the mould of death, blooms anew in the fields of heaven.

The winds of autumn tore from the shivering trees every vestige of leafage, and struck down the last fading flower of the pinks in Gertrude's garden. There was no longer even a green blade of grass to be seen; and now came the snow, covering everything with a white blanket.

The children could no longer play out of doors, they remained within by the warm fire; and if they wished to look on the world outside, they must heat a copper on the stove, and make little peep-holes on the pane! When evening came, and their father returned from his labor, he would take them on his knees, and tell them ancient legends and fairy tales, or stories of the Christ-child, and the blessed Saints who walked the earth in olden times.

Time passed; the snow disappeared from the earth, and the air became soft and mild. Yes—it was spring! glorious happy spring!

The lily-root that had been buried in the mould, now shot forth long stalks and slender green leaves. Soon it was covered with buds; and now, when Heinrich and Gertrude ran to look at their garden, they found one magnificent flower expanded.

"Oh, see, see!" cried Gertrude. "The flower has bloomed again, as the good Hofmeister told me! It is fairer than ever before, Heinrich!"

"Yes; our dear Lord has sent them," murmured Heinrich. "How happy we are!" and as the children gazed, their eyes filled with tears, they [illegible] why, save that they were so very, very happy.

As the mother sat at work, one of her neighbors entered with a sorrowful face. "Alas!" she cried, "the only daughter of the Hofmeister is dead! The nurse told me that Madame is distracted with grief. She sits alone in the room with the corpse, and cannot be persuaded to leave it."

"God alone can give her comfort," said the mother. "We can but pray that He will pour out the balm of His holy spirit on the stricken heart," and she clasped the little Gertrude, who had crept into the room, closely to her bosom, and thought, with a thrill of pain, what her own feelings would have been had she lost her child.

The child had listened with tearful eyes to the talk of her mother and the neighbor; and now, as her mother's clasp relaxed, she slid softly from her arms, and running to the cottage door, stood looking sadly towards the distant walls of the house of mourning.

Gertrude knew that she should never see the little Ida more; and she thought with a shudder of the sad time when the earth should be thrown on the little coffin, as she had seen it heaped above that of her grandfather.

But now a sudden thought rushed into the child's mind, and brightened her tender blue eyes. Going softly to her garden, she plucked the beautiful lily, and holding it lightly in her hand, she set out towards the house of the Hofmeister. In a darkened chamber sat the bereaved mother, bending over a little coffin, in which reposed the lovely remains of her darling child. She had sat thus for many hours, her eyes fixed on that pale face, and her poor hands clasped.

On a little table beside her lay an exquisite wreath of flowers, and many other beautiful blossoms, placed there by kind hands to decorate the bier, for it was the day of the burial.

The poor mother had taken up one flower after another, in a half unconscious way, and placed them on the breast of the little Ida; and then she had put them all away again—they seemed not pure—not fitting enough to repose on that spotless clay.

As she sat thus, the door was slowly and gently unclosed, and the little Gertrude entered. The mother started up, and hastened towards her.

"What is it you want, my child?" she said. "Did you come to look once more on her dear face?"

"I have brought Ida my flower," said Gertrude, softly; "may I put it beside her face, dear Madame?"

A sudden flood of tears welled into the eyes of the mother; and clasping the little Gertrude to her breast, she murmured, "God bless thee, my child."

Pressing a tender kiss on her cheek, the mother laid the pure lily on the bosom of her child—a fitting emblem of the frail and tender blossom that had but withered in this world to bloom in perfect beauty in the Life Everlasting!

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AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare, seven or eight years; rabbits, seven; elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, the king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription; "Alexander, son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterwards. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years, the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages not more than twenty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live one hundred and seventy years.

WIT AND WISDOM.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.)

Rare indeed are the reputed poets of any age, men who groan, like prophets, under the burthen of a message which they have to deliver, and *must* deliver—of a mission which they must discharge.

Intellectually, a very large proportion of men never attain maturity. Knowledge is their final destiny; and manhood, in this respect, is for them a pure idea.

One by one the objects of our affection depart, but our affections remain, stretching forth, like vines, their broken, wounded tendrils for support.

We have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, showing by that little how much is within.

Instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will keep them from staring and wondering hereafter; this is philosophy.

It is not strange that the monarch is haughty; the lion of the people's power crouches at his feet, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne.

The poet's or the conqueror's wreath is poor compared with that made for us by the encircling arms of those we love.

Many an honest man practices on himself an amount of deceit sufficient, if practiced on others, and in a different way, to send him to the state-prison.

Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can; her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket.

As the human head is about twelve inches long, what's the difference between a man's being shorter by a head or shorter by a foot?

Many plunge head over ears in love. Sappho, with perhaps no greater folly, plunged over head and ears to get rid of it.

A bride and a bridegroom, the heirs of two distinguished houses, are after all only a pair of house-joiners.

It may be hard to say which is the worse, too much family government or too little; we prefer the latter.

To get rid of all society, an unsocial man sometimes joins a mutual benefit society by hanging himself.

It is to be feared that even the "household words," in some families, are not very pleasant to ears polite.

There are certain eyes, which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one.

Old age is bad for the face, but good for the head. Every face has its scores, and is a map of life.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is easy to know that it has begun.

The gas-man can make gaslight in your house, but a wife can make sunshine.

The man who spends his money for tobacco, will certainly get a quid, but never a quid pro quo.

Every tailor should feel like a certain doctor we have all heard of, who was "death on fits."

The young ladies who lead their lovers on by hopes of marriage, are among the world's ring-leaders.

The prosperous man, who yields himself up to temptation, bids farewell to welfare.

He who has wisdom without money is rich, he who has money without wisdom is poor.

When the good man dies, the tears he in life prevented from flowing are shed.

If a man has a full head and an empty pocket, the stomach generally has to go with the pocket.

It is peculiarly the duty of the white race to be cleanly—they show dirt so readily.

It is a good thing when a drunkard's bottle dishonors his drafts.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

As a number of people were attempting to cross Fulton street at its junction with Broadway, one day recently, the street being blocked up with all manner of vehicles, a carman whipped up his horse, and the animal giving a sudden dash forward, the end of one of the shafts of the cart struck a lady in the breast and knocked her senseless into the mud and slush. She was picked up and carried away in an unconscious condition by friends who were fortunately with her; and the crowd would have handled the carman roughly had not the police taken him in custody.

"**The Neglected Picture**" is the title of a little work of art, by Wm. M. Davis, a young mechanic of Port Jefferson, L. I., who exhibits considerable talent as a painter, which has attracted some attention in this city, partly from its merits as a picture and partly from the interest of the subject. It is a representation of Jeff. Davis in an old picture-frame with the glass apparently broken. On close examination, it is discovered that the glass, instead of being real, is only imitated.

A letter-writer, in giving an account of the taking of Fort Donelson, says that he heard several rebel ladies living in the vicinity, and who had congregated in a dwelling at a safe distance from the scene of battle, discussing the chances of the fight, and that they came to the conclusion that it would be a good thing for the Union forces to conquer, as, in that event, "*lots of dry goods would come in from the North and make calico and things cheap again.*"

As a lady and a little girl about half-a-dozen years of age were getting out of an omnibus, one day lately, opposite the City Hall Park, the driver pulled the strap violently before the child had got clear of the vehicle, and the heavy door slamming upon her legs bruised them very badly, and caused the poor little thing to shriek with pain. Such carelessness should be provided against, by some means, else many a child, and perhaps many an adult, will be apt to be maimed for life.

A number of children were playing in Avenue B, one day recently, one of whom had a hatchet, with which he was chopping the ice in the gutter; and while he was thus engaged, a little girl slipped near him, and falling immediately under the upraised hatchet as he was in the act of striking a blow, she received a terrible cut in the side of her head, which it was feared would occasion her death.

A couple of women, living in a garret in Broome street, in a fit of intoxication got into a quarrel, and having no better weapons at hand, they began to throw hot water on each other from pans over the fire, until one seizing a pan poured its scalding contents on the head and face of her antagonist, who at once yelled so loudly from pain as to call in some persons to her aid, who found her scalded in an awful manner.

Hermeine Schauss, a servant girl in a family living in Westchester County, attempted to fill a fluid lamp one evening lately, while it was burning, and the fluid taking fire the can and lamp both exploded, scattering the flaming fluid over the head, neck and clothes of the unfortunate girl, and setting her dress on fire, whereby she was burned so badly that she died in the course of a few hours.

A couple of men got into a fisticuff fight in the lower part of Broadway, one day a short time since, and became so much occupied with the matter in hand, that they were knocked down and run over by an express wagon that came suddenly round a corner, and both of them were so saturated with slush that they sneaked off in opposite directions, without making an appointment for another meeting.

A man fell and broke his leg, in South street, one bitter night recently, and it being late, no one came to his assistance, though he called lustily for help, until he had nearly perished with pain and cold; but a policeman at last hearing the unfortunate man's cries, came to his rescue and had him conveyed home.

More than twenty whales were captured in one day in the North Pacific Ocean, by a number of New England whalers, according to an account published in a Sandwich Island paper. One of the whales is said to have been over sixty feet in length.

A young lady, while skating on a pond near Gowanus, tripped upon a stick lying on the ice, and was pitched forward upon her head, whereby she was injured so badly that she died in the course of the next day.

A collision occurred between a couple of schooners in the East River, a short time since, whereby a sailor on board one of the vessels, who chanced to be at the point of contact, was crushed to death.

A workman on a building in course of erection on Broadway, fell from a fourth-story scaffold one day recently, and was instantly killed.

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EDWIN M. STANTON.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

When, during the dark days that ushered in the eventful year 1861, the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan was dissolved by the sorrowfully indignant refusal of the venerable Gen. Cass to remain longer identified, though but in appearance, with a policy which was dragging the Nation swiftly down to ruin—when it had become apparent, even to the President, that men like Floyd, and Cobb, and Jacob Thompson, could not be retained at the head of departments without involving himself in their flagrant treason—among those called to impede, if they could not arrest or redeem, the National dissolution, was EDWIN M. STANTON, a native of Ohio, but more recently a citizen of Pittsburgh, Pa. He had previously been known beyond his circle of private friends mainly as a lawyer of decided ability and energy, having been engaged in most important cases in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, in California, and before the Supreme Court at Washington. In his first political *role*—that of Attorney-General of the United States—Mr. Stanton evinced qualities of which the lack of purpose, of decision, and of force, in his chief, forbade the realization of the best fruits by the country. Not to confront and crush out treason in its incipient stages, but to temporize, to dally, to tide over the brief and fleeting residue of his term without collision or bloodshed, was Mr. Buchanan's absorbing desire, and his reformed cabinet was fettered by his abject timidity and his inflexible resolve. An opinion put forth by Judge Black, before quitting the Attorney-Generalship for the State Department—an opinion which virtually ejected the Federal Government from the soil of any factious State whenever she had chosen to expel all that Government's officers—practically exiled the National authority from *every* disloyal State, or allowed it to remain only as tenant at will. Without a recantation of this monstrous heresy, the needed assertion of the rightful authority of the Union was simply [illegible]

At length, the brief but slow-moving period of shameful truckling to treason wore out, and Mr. Stanton gladly discarded the robes of office and returned to the labors of his profession.

Retirement from office did not, however, diminish his interest in nor limit his attention to public affairs. He wrote repeatedly and vigorously for leading journals, to arouse the Nation and animate its true sons for the momentous struggle before them. He urged the necessity of stern rigor and promptitude in dealing with the emissaries of treason in the loyal States, but especially with those faithless or cowardly officers who ate the bread and wore the uniform of their country the better to betray and stab her. By letters and personal appeals, he did his utmost to prepare and strengthen the People for the stern ordeal to which they were so suddenly exposed. To meet the enemies of the Union foot to foot and point to point—to ignore all temporizing, all compromises, all concessions—to seek the Rebels wherever they may be found, to fight them and to beat them, postponing all thought of negotiation or adjustment until the last Confederate flag had been pulled down and given up—such was and is the mode of dealing with this atrocious rebellion which commended itself to the judgment and the heart of Edwin M. Stanton.

Early in January of the present year, Gen. Cameron retired from the War Department, and Mr. Stanton was at once most wisely and happily selected to succeed him. Never having sought the honors or emoluments of office, he did not hesitate to assume its heavy responsibilities. The facts that he was thus chosen for what is now the most important post under the Government by a President with whom he had never concurred in politics, and confirmed with enthusiastic unanimity by a Senate also strongly adverse to him in the party strifes of the past, attest the obvious and emphatic fitness of the choice.

This Republic never saw a darker hour—not even during the days of abasement and despair which followed the shameful rout and flight of Bull Run—than that which preceded the sudden and unexpected call of Mr. Stanton to the head of the War Department. It seemed as if some malignant spell had paralyzed the energies and frozen the blood of our armies. The insane recall and demoralizing retreat of the force which, in December, was on the point of penetrating East Tennessee through the Cumberland Gap—the renewed activity of the Rebels in Central Missouri, and the audacity manifested by them in breaking up the North Missouri Railroad—the delays after delays which befell the Burnside Expedition—the arrest of the Port Royal force, without having interrupted the Rebels' line of railway communication on the seaboard—the inertia of the Butler advance, under Phelps, at Ship Island—the death-like quiet which pervaded the Department of the Potomac, broken only by the enemy's annoying and morally damaging demonstration toward the West, under Jackson—the emptiness of the Treasury, and the enormity of the National expenditures, coupled with the diminution of the Revenue and the collapse of the Public Credit—all seemed to presage a disgraceful peace and a ruined country.

Mr. Stanton assumed the conduct of the War Department, and inertia, inefficiency, and despondency, were promptly supplanted by energy, activity, and victory. Mill Spring, Roanoke Island, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, the chasing of Price from Springfield, and out of Missouri, and his defeat and more precipitate flight in Arkansas—the advance of Burnside's forces into North Carolina—the steady progress of Sherman toward the capture of Savannah—on all sides movement, triumph, and sanguine hope, where a few weeks since was nought but immobility, dejection, atrophy—bespoke the unwonted touch of a master hand. Of course, no one will give the whole credit of this change to Mr. Stanton, much less presume that he impelled or directed all the movements that have so suddenly raised the nation from gloom to glory. But of all men he has contributed most to produce the beneficent transformation at which the loyal millions are hardly less amazed than delighted.

For he, of all men connected with the Government, possesses that magnetic quality which at a word translates mere men into heroes, by awaking within them an absorbing and overmastering love of country and of true fame. His proclamations, his letters, his orders even, have that heroic ring to which the modern world first listened in the earlier bulletins of Napoleon. His burning words presume the existence of the loftiest patriotism, the sublimest spirit of self-sacrifice, in every heart he addresses; and they either find it there or create it. His are the trumpet-notes which arouse men to scorn death and think only of country and of victory.

But the soul of our new Secretary glows not alone with the fire of patriotism—his utterances betray a sentiment of stern indignation against the authors of this mad, guilty rebellion, which has hitherto seemed wanting in the manifestoes emanating from our government. Even our good President, with his unbounded and all-embracing kindness of heart, has been accustomed to descant on the Rebellion as though it was impelled rather by perverseness of logic than badness of heart. He speaks as though he did not fully realize that the Divine wrath is the complement as well as shadow of the Divine love, and that the same spirit which wept at the grave of Lazarus and would gladly have averted the impending doom of Jerusalem, was manifested in the scourging of the money-changers and the indignant fulmination, "Ye serpents! ye generation of vipers! how *can* ye escape the damnation of hell!" With this truth the Secretary of War is evidently and instinctively familiar; hence the detestation of the Rebel chiefs which rather shines through his documents than is sought to be expressed therein.

Such is the man providentially called to direct the combinations and inspire the efforts of our armies in the short and desperate struggle now to be made for the complete restoration of our Union and the signal discomfiture of the traitors who have dared to plot its destruction. What the future may have in store for him, let no one attempt to fathom; enough that the Hour and the Man seem for once in auspicious conjunction. Whatever else may be unveiled by the flight of Time, be sure that our country's future historian will speak of Mr. Stanton in terms substantially like those which Lowell puts into the mouth of Kossuth:

> "I was the chosen trump wherethrough
> Our God sent forth awakening breath:
> Came chains? Came death? The strain He blew
> Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

New York, Feb. 26, 1862.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS

Of the Archduke Charles of Austria and of the Duke of Wellington.

BOSTON, 22 *Feb.*, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. BONNER:—It has occurred to me to-day—the anniversary of the birthday of our venerated Washington—that your readers would be gratified to see the estimate formed of him, by two of the most distinguished personages of the last generation in Europe, the Archduke Charles of Austria, brother of the Emperor Francis, and the Duke of Wellington. I accordingly send you for publication a letter addressed by the Archduke, through his aid-de-camp, General Count Grunne, to the late Mr. Jenifer, at that time our [illegible] and a letter from the Duke of Wellington addressed to myself.

The Archduke, having attended a ball given by Mr. Jenifer on the 22d of February, in 1843, and on that and other occasions having expressed the highest opinion of Washington's merit, Mr. Jenifer sent him a volume containing his biography, for which the following acknowledgment was returned by the Archduke—no incompetent judge even of such a character. Sixty years ago the Archduke divided with Napoleon I. the admiration of the world as a consummate chieftain. Alison says of him, "Inferior to Napoleon in genius, to Suwarroff in daring, he was superior to either in cautious combination, scientific foresight, and the power of repairing disaster." Napoleon himself said, "Prince Charles is a man whose conduct will ever be irreproachable. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to the age of gold. More than all, he is a good man, and that includes everything when said of a Prince."* The Archduke's strategical writings are well known as of the highest authority in the art of war. His letter is as follows:

Translation.

"The General Count de Grunne is directed by Monseigneur the Archduke Charles, to communicate the especial gratitude of His Imperial Highness to Mr. Jenifer, for sending him the biography of General Washington. His name recalls events so memorable and connects itself so essentially with the enfranchisement of his country, of which he was the founder, the hero, and the support, that the history of his Times will go down to posterity enlightened with the splendor of his military and civic virtues."

"VIENNA, 14 *April*, 1843."

The venerable Archduke was at this time seventy-two years old.

It is well known that when General Washington, at the commencement of the Revolution, accepted the appointment of commander-in-chief, he declined all compensation as such, stipulating only for the payment of his expenses. Of these expenses he kept a minute account in his own handwriting, on sixty-six folio pages of foolscap paper. This remarkable manuscript is preserved in the Treasury of the United States, and was published some years ago in a lithographic *fac simile*. Some copies of this publication having been sent to me in London, I gave one of them to the late Duke of Wellington, who was then seventy-three years of age, and who, notwithstanding the different circumstances in which they were placed, resembled Washington in more than one trait of character, civil and military. The Duke returned the following letter of acknowledgment:

WALMER CASTLE, *Sept.* 16, 1842.

DEAR SIR:—I have been very much flattered by your obliging note, and gratified by your present; both of which I received this morning.

I have always felt the highest respect for the character of General Washington; and I will peruse these memorials of him with the utmost interest.

I am very grateful to you and I thank you for having thought of me; and that I was worthy of possessing these documents.

Believe me, Dear Sir, ever your most faithful and obedient humble servant. WELLINGTON.

I sincerely congratulate you upon the termination of Lord Ashburton's mission, of which I heard this morning.

The letter written by direction of the Archduke Charles to Mr. Jenifer was sent to me by that gentleman from Vienna. I presume it has never before been published. The letter of the Duke of Wellington has never appeared in print before.

May the next return of the anniversary of his birthday see the authority of that Union which it was the great object of Washington's life to establish and consolidate, happily restored throughout our beloved country!

Very truly yours, EDWARD EVERETT.

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* Alison's History. Vol. V., p. 168.

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The great conflict which has ever agitated this world, and which is now shaking both Europe and America with earthquake throes, is the conflict between aristocratic usurpation and popular equality. It was this question which gave rise to the French revolution and the wars of the Empire. The rich and nobly born deemed it impertinence in the poor and of lowly birth that they should attempt to rise to any stations of influence.

"If the peasant," says the North British Review, "the grocer or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor, whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the State. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The grocer's son cannot see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble born lad, who was so often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."

In defence of these execrable principles of aristocratic privilege, the allied armies, now amounting to nearly a million of men, pursued Napoleon from the disaster at Leipsic into France. "Napoleon," says Col. Napier, "rising even above himself, hurtled against the armed myriads opposed to him with such a terrible energy, that though ten times his number, they were rolled back on every side with confusion and dismay."

About the middle of January, 1814, the allied army, in several divisions, crossed the Rhine. On the 25th Napoleon left the Tuileries, and took command of his little army, mostly of raw recruits, to repel the invaders. The allies proclaimed that every French peasant, taken with arms in his hands, should be shot as a brigand, and that every village or town making any resistance should be burned. Napoleon rode rapidly one hundred miles east of Paris to St. Dizier, and here, at the head of a few thousand troops, fell upon one of the advancing columns of the foe, led by Blucher. He routed them, and scattered them like leaves by the whirlwind. Then instantly turning, he marched fifty miles south to Troyes, through mud and rain and snow, the wheels often sinking to the hubs. On the 29th, with but 20,000 men, he came suddenly upon 60,000 Russians, near Brienne. "Before the sun went down, 10,000 of those Russians were dead upon the plain, and the remnant were in precipitate retreat."

The next day the fugitives effected a junction with another division of their army and, with battalions 150,000 strong, returned to crush Napoleon. The Emperor had also gathered reinforcements, and had 40,000 men to meet their assault. Through another day of tumult and blood the terrible battle raged, till again the wintry night darkened the scene. Overpowered with numbers, Napoleon was compelled to retreat, leaving 6,000 of his little band dying and dead on the ground. Alexander of Russia and Frederic William of Prussia, from a neighboring [illegible] triumph of their troops. The exultant allies now crowded from all directions upon Paris.

Napoleon retreated sixty miles down the Seine to Nogent. Two hundred thousand Austrians pursued him. Blucher, with 70,000 men, was descending the Marne, fifty miles distant from the Seine. Wellington, with an immense army, was coming up from the South. Bernadotte, with uncounted legions, was advancing from the North. Napoleon, leaving 10,000 men to retard the advance of 200,000, by a forced march through mud to the axles of his carriages, with 30,000 men crossed to the Marne, fell as unexpectedly as a thunderbolt upon the flank of Blucher, and scattered his army as wolves drive sheep. The next day Blucher, with reserves swelling his host to 60,000, advanced to meet Napoleon. Again he was defeated, and driven back with enormous slaughter. In an extraordinary march of thirty-six hours, Napoleon hurried back to the Seine. The Austrians, 300,000 in number, were now in the vicinity of Fontainbleau. Napoleon with 40,000 advanced to meet them. For a whole day he resisted all their efforts, with his own hands aiding the artillerymen in their herculean toils. When night came, this whole allied army was on the retreat, and Napoleon was vigorously pursuing them. With Alexander and Frederic in the midst of the fugitives, they fled back one hundred and sixty miles to Chaumont. It was in the midst of these terrific scenes that Napoleon held a brief interview with Josephine, and said to her:

"Josephine, I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, in this wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose."

The Allies were astounded by these defeats. But they had enormous reserves, amounting to a million of men, to bring up. With vast reinforcements they divided their army into two bands, one to descend the Marne and the other the Seine. The former river enters the latter but a few miles from Paris. Again Napoleon crossed to the Marne, and with 30,000 troops drove 100,000 Austrians before him. In the midst of their rout Bernadotte appeared with 25,000 fresh men, to join the Austrians, and Napoleon was compelled to retire, the enemy not daring to pursue him in his despair.

The 200,000 Austrians, now upon the Seine, pressed forward with alacrity, while Wellington, with a vast force of English, Portuguese and Spaniards, was advancing from Bordeaux. Another army of the Allies had also crossed the Alps from Switzerland, and had reached Lyons. With amazing celerity Napoleon crossed again from the Marne to the Seine, and fell upon the Austrians with such fury that they turned and fled.

Napoleon was now about 200 miles from Paris, on the Seine. The Allies had gathered an army of 300,000 at Chalons, on the Marne, a hundred miles nearer Paris, and were marching with the utmost rapidity to reach the city before Napoleon could get there. In one day, through the miry roads, Napoleon's heroic band marched nearly fifty miles, in the endeavor to reach the city before the enemy. At midnight, with the advance guard of his army, he reached Troyes. It was a cold, dark, dismal night. He could see, far away across the country, the whole horizon illumined with the bivouac fires of his foes. With a small detachment he galloped along the road and entered the little village of La Cour. The church clock was just tolling twelve. To his surprise he saw groups of disbanded soldiers marching away *from* Paris. He rode into the midst of them, exclaiming, "How is this? Why are not these soldiers marching to Paris?"

Gen. Belliard, a friend of the emperor, recognized his voice, and coming forward, said: "Paris has capitulated. The enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise."

The emperor seemed stunned by the blow. For a moment not a word was uttered. Cold drops of agony oozed from his brow. With staggering step he walked backward and forward on the rugged pavement, bewildered with the enormity of his woe. It was a night of agony such as is rarely experienced on earth. With his few faithful troops he repaired to Fontainbleau, and thence to his exile in Elba.

◆

A SHORT COMMENT ON A FAMILIAR TEXT.

Prince Hamlet was of royal heart, as well as lineage. He shows his native princeliness when he tells the worldly-wise Polonius how to dispose of the poor players who had come to the king's castle to play before the court. "I will use them after their *desert*," said the ignoble nobleman, meaning by "desert" their rank or social standing, which was that of vagabonds. Hamlet exclaims, "Odd's bodikin, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping? *Use them after your own honor and dignity.*"

Would that every man, and every woman, too, who employs other men or women, would act in the spirit of these words!

There are certain classes of employed persons who must always be at the mercy of those who employ them; all, for example, who exercise vocations which require little previous apprenticeship, such as car-conductors, omnibus-drivers, hotel-waiters, and many others. In large cities, there are so many persons, at all times, who can only do what any one can do, that such employments as these are always overcrowded. Consequently, if a waiter, a conductor, or a driver is oppressed, he must either submit in silence, or risk his place, which latter alternative is terrible to a poor man with a family. If he is restive, or resigns his employment, there are twenty men standing near whose necessities render them only too willing to supply the vacancy.

The man, the firm, or the corporation, who employs such persons is subjected to a test which determines with certainty the quality of their manhood. He who takes advantage of their helplessness to extort an undue amount of service, to abridge their just privileges, or to treat them with personal disrespect, is a man of coarse and common clay, unregenerate, unrefined, not to say, mean and base. He is, at best, a crafty and shallow Polonius, not a royal Hamlet. And if such conduct dishonors the name of MAN, it is, if possible, still more unworthy of a powerful firm, or a wealthy corporation. Such, at least, have no shadow of excuse for not treating their employée's after their own honor and dignity.

A city conductor writes to one of our dailies:

> "The average number of hours which the conductors and drivers are compelled to work daily is from twelve to sixteen, exposed to all weather and hardships, being allowed no relaxation whatever, day after day, and month after month (Sundays included). The writer is personally acquainted with several whose health is being gradually undermined by this inhuman and slavish treatment, and whose complaint for relief would be summarily answered in no other way than by an immediate discharge. It is true that there are hundreds of applicants in excess of the demand for employées, so very difficult is it to obtain work, and there being so many plausible, unprincipled, and dishonest men who are only desirous to secure a situation where the opportunity for embezzlement is so great."

In every man's lot, in every woman's, in every boy's, and in every girl's, there is, and must be, much that is hard to bear. Yet, we think that this complaint of our useful friends, the conductors and drivers, is just, and one that admits of a remedy, and ought to have a remedy. Everyone who rides in omnibuses and cars must be aware, that no class of public servants are more faithful, obliging and polite than our conductors and drivers. If the great corporations who employ them are insensible to their "desert," let them, at least, use them after "their own honor and dignity."

◆

AN OFFER.

Tom Jones would like to be married. Tom does not quite relish the idea of a connubial idiot; and yet, for many reasons unnecessary to state, he does not desire a wife who knows much. He would like one who will be always on tiptoe to await his coming, and yet be perfectly satisfied, and good-humored, if after all her preparations, culinary and otherwise, he may conclude at all times, or at any time, to prefer other society to hers. He also desires his wife to be possessed of principle enough for both, because in his own case, principle would interfere with many of his little arrangements. He would like her always to be very nicely dressed, although his own boots and coats are innocent of a brush from year's end to year's end. He wishes her to speak low, and not speak much; because he has a great deal to say himself, and when he has roared it out, like the liberal, great Dr. Johnson, "he wishes the subject ended!" Tom wishes his wife possessed of military instincts, so that she may discipline her household; after that is done, he wishes to turn the key on these military instincts, lest they might be of use in some emergency necessary to her personal happiness. Tom wants a wife who loves, more than she reasons, because he intends himself to pursue quite a contrary policy. Tom would like a wife who adjusts everything with a smile; although he may use his boots for other purposes than that of locomotion. She must have a pretty face, an easy temper, and an intellect the size of which would allow him to consider his own colossal. Any young lady very weak in the head, and strong in the nerves, and quite destitute of any disgusting little selfishnesses, may consider herself eligible, provided she has money; none others need apply. FANNY FERN.

◆

BONNER FOREVER!—EMPERORS WRITE FOR HIM!—The LEDGER publishes the text of a letter of the Emperor Napoleon III. to Edward Everett, dated the 24th of November, 1861, thanking him for the speech he made at the dinner to Prince Napoleon; for the just homage he rendered to the genius of the illustrious Napoleon I., &c. * * * * What other paper can print a private autographic letter from an Emperor to one of its paid correspondents?—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

We are glad to see that everybody seems pleased with the letter of Napoleon III., which we have already published. No other public man in Europe has so popular a style as the Emperor of the French. We have been so much impressed by it that we are half inclined to engage him as a regular contributor. His name would not appear out of place added to those already on our list, such as Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Charles Dickens, Henry Ward Beecher, James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Rev. John S. C. Abbott, N. P. Willis, Geo. P. Morris, John G. Saxe, Geo. D. Prentice, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Emerson Bennett, William Cullen Bryant, Wm. Ross Wallace; and we presume the Empress Eugenie will not feel jealous if we add Fanny Fern, Alice Cary, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Southworth and Miss Dupuy.

◆

—Snob Bigelow writes as follows from Paris to the *Evening Post:*

> "I had the pleasure, in common with several American ladies and gentlemen, of skating in company with the Emperor, the Empress, the Count and Countess de Morny and several others of the French aristocracy, who all mingled freely in the crowd."

This reminds us of the boy who boasted that the king had spoken to him. When asked what he said, he replied, "He told me to get out of the way."

ORNAMENTAL WOMEN.

The Italians have an ungallant proverb signifying that "the smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of her husband's purse." Far be it from the LEDGER to subscribe to this sweeping imputation on wedded loveliness. Yet it must be conceded that your *merely* ornamental women are expensive luxuries—luxuries, in fact, that young men who have to make their way in the world by their own exertions, cannot conveniently afford. Their ideas on the subject of dress, jewelry, balls, parties, and the like, are apt to be comprehensive, and their drafts on their husbands' purses extravagant, not to say ruinous. The phrase "beauty and booty" is not without significance in domestic life, whatever it may be in unlicensed warfare.

But the *positive* prodigality of the ornamental wife who appraises her own charms and accomplishments at too high a figure, is not her only fault. The amount she *fails to save* is at least equal to her personal expenditures. She has a soul above the kitchen and the larder, and over the *economy* of her household Waste presides. She dresses faultlessly, but of the dressing of a meal she has no more idea than the fairies and sylphs to which her moustached admirers liken her. While she plays the piano the servants play the—deuse. No doubt her spouse is delighted to meet her on his return from business bewitchingly attired. But a man [illegible] wife, however plump and fair she may be, and he naturally feels a little chagrined if there is nothing else to tempt his appetite. We have heard, it is true, of fond husbands devouring their wives with kisses, but that is during the honeymoon. As the months roll on Benedick prefers a well-cooked joint to the blandishments of his handsome rib, and good puddings and pies to Cupid's confectionary. Hence it happens that men who are married to [illegible] in crinoline now and then—the wretches!—dine at hotels and restaurants, instead of flying on the wings of love to full-dressed wives and half-dressed dinners.

Thus wanes connubial bliss when there is nothing save beauty to sustain it; while on the other hand, we have known instances in which wives with gooseberry eyes and yellow hair have secured the undying love of their lords, by tickling their palates with delicious viands, and practising due economy in personal and household expenses. Depend upon it, Love, like Jealousy, "grows by what it *feeds on*," and that most husbands dislike

> "That consummation of all human ills
> The inflammation of their weekly bills."

The truth is, that the male members of the human race are not so ethereal as they might be. Their stomachs are too near their hearts—their hearts are influenced by their pockets. Brown may be proud of his handsome *cara sposa*, as she gracefully receives her guests in the drawing-room, but if she doesn't know how his goose should be cooked in the kitchen, their domestic sunshine will sometimes be clouded by the fogs of discontent and sulkiness. Beauty is a perishable commodity. Fashionable accomplishments are liable to become a bore.

◆

LAND HO!

The Great Delusion is passing away. The smooth-tongued Tempters who have so long abused the Southern ear with their atrocious falsehoods, raising

> ———"distempered, discontented thoughts,
> Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,"

in the Southern breast, have been pricked out of their disguise, as their Father before them was by the Angelic spear in Eden, and their late dupes begin to see them as they are.

There can be no doubt that a powerful reactionary movement has commenced in some of the Southern states. In Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, it appears to be general and enthusiastic, and it will extend Southward with the progress of our armies until the counter-revolution is complete. It must be so.

But the struggle is not over. The Rebellion, though badly scotched, is not yet killed. The haughty, ambitious politicians who began it for their own selfish ends, and who have used the Southern masses as their cat's paws and tools, are still potential in the cotton and sugar states, and as defeat must consign their names to infamy, and may perhaps bring their necks within the compass of a halter, they will unquestionably struggle desperately to the last.

But the overthrow of the Southern leaders is simply a question of time. They cannot escape the fate they deserve. They may be "hoist by their own petard"—upset by the recoil of their own infernal machine; or they may escape, with the Cain-mark on their foreheads to some foreign land, there to drag out their traitor lives in ignominy. Haply the laws of the land they have outraged and triven to ruin, may be vindicated by their punishment. But whether doomed to live as outlaws or to die as traitors, History will crucify the memories of the ringleaders of this foul conspiracy, with those of Arnold and of Catiline.

◆

WHAT IS BEAUTY.

How fortunate it is that the word "*beauty*" admits of so liberal an interpretation. There would else be no settling the endless contentions for the possession of the same object. To one, "expression" is beauty; most persons will at least scarcely *remain* satisfied without it. Regularity of feature and transparency of complexion pall upon the eye, if deficient in these. Some of the so-called "ugly" persons have been to us the most pleasing. A face not actually deformed, if lighted up by a beautiful soul, becomes a shrine where the *soulful* love to linger. Let no man or woman of whom this is true fancy themselves "ugly," or unloveable; at least, by those whose love and favor are worth counting in life's winnings. FANNY FERN.

◆

IRISH VALOR.—At the battle of Fort Donelson, Corporal Mooney, an Irishman, seeing that the staff of one of the regimental flags was shot away, picked up the Stars and Stripes, and wrapping them round his body, rushed over the parapet of the outworks, amidst a volley of musketry, and crying "Come on, my brave boys," was blown to pieces by a shell at the moment of his triumph.

◆

—"Why don't you dance?" blithely inquired an eminent functionary of a leading Senator at a recent social festivity in Washington.

"I never dance in a besieged city," was the quick and stern reply. [*New York Tribune.*

Why did not the *Tribune* tell the whole story, and state that it was the Hon. Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, who made the above response to President Lincoln's question?

◆

—In our next issue we shall publish a valuable and interesting article by Dr. Windship, on the strong men of history, including Barclay, Eckeberg, McGregor, Topham, Maximim, Samson, and other men renowned for muscle, but who were, in fact, mere babies in strength when compared with the Doctor himself, who plays at marbles with Paixhan cannon balls, and disports himself with barrels of flour and hogsheads of rice.

◆

—Read the first installment of Lieut. Langford's new story, *The Secret Cypher; or, Mystery of a Lifetime,* on our first page.

GOD OVER ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

I have considered the lilies,
Those plants of heavenly snow—
The glad, the glorious lilies
That airily wave in the vallies;
I have leaned my elbow down in the grass
All day, and seen them grow.

And spite the poet's raving
Of beauty drawn from the sod,
I think their airy waving—
Their sinless and sweet behaving
Is each breathed into them out of the light
That flows from the love of God.

And I have considered the towers
Rising in every glen—
Cared for more than the flowers
Are these strong-holds of ours,
For those are made of the dust and the dew,
And these of the hearts of men.

And though the foe rage madly,
And brothers, lovers fall,
We must not mourn too sadly,
For they are living gladly,
And their battle days are shining round
About them, each and all.

* * *

ST. REGIS HALL.

A TALE OF TRYON COUNTY IN 1777.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "THE HARLOW ESTATE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Barton had not time to see the friends whom her calls had evoked from the surrounding wilderness, nor to learn the result of their daring charge, before she was dragged away by her captors. Shale had been one of the first to discover the attack and to disappear from the scene of strife, being aided by the one Indian guard of Elizabeth to force her away, and to stifle her attempted cries.

But the vigilant Rubel had caught sight of the fair prisoner, and had seen the direction in which she vanished, and he had barely stayed long enough to cut Halmer's bonds (while Huntington rendered a similar service to Hans) before bounding off in pursuit.

The young lieutenant, although watching the course which his companion had taken, it may be remembered was prevented from instantly following by the necessity of giving some instructions to the rescued men, and of signaling the remainder of the scattered party who came up only after the departure of both himself and the chivalrous surgeon.

Courageous even to rashness, Obed would not have hesitated to charge singly upon Shale and his savage ally, and perhaps he would even have preferred to do so, rather than have the aid of the handsome young lieutenant in effecting Elizabeth's deliverance. But quick as had been his movements, he found himself quite at a loss, on leaving the boundary of the light from the now crackling fires, to obtain any further clue to the course of the Tory. The savages were fleeing in various directions, but there was nothing in the noises by which he could distinguish the party which alone he cared to overtake.

Deciding at random, he followed what seemed to be the nearest of the fugitives, calling loudly to Miss Barton by name, but receiving no reply, and he was quickly far in advance both of his late companion and of the object of his pursuit.

Shale, indeed, had become aware that his prisoner could neither be carried, nor be induced to run, fast enough to insure escape, and he had no sooner attained a place of sufficient obscurity than he came to a stand, and imposing a command of silence on Elizabeth under penalty of instant death, he waited for his enemies to pass on.

The savage, (if that name may properly be used to distinguish the Mohawk from his equally barbarous commander) urged a surer way of preventing either the escape of their captive, or her betrayal of their hiding place, and with ready knife, he awaited only the whispered permission of his leader to accomplish his purpose.

"No," was the quick reply; "not if she keeps still; if she speaks you may do what you will. It's her own fault if she is killed."

Appalled by this awful menace in word and gesture, Miss Barton heard the well-known voice of Rubel as he passed within a few rods of her, without daring to answer his appeal or to make the slightest noise which might be construed into a signal. She had heard the permission which had been accorded to the Mohawk, and she well knew that he would avail himself of the slightest pretext to gratify his thirst for blood, and gain one coveted trophy for his discomfited party.

Despairingly she heard the voice and steps of Rubel grow fainter in the distance, until she was certain that she had no strength of voice which could now reach him, even if she dared to give utterance to a reply.

"He's off the track now," said Shale, "and we'll start on before more of 'em comes along; not that way, though."

They started, diverging a little to the north from the route which Obed had taken, and dragging their captive with them, the Indian still brandishing his drawn blade, ready to silence all remonstrance.

"Don't hurt her more than necessary," said Shale to his demonstrative companion. "She's a pretty thing, and I don't want her all marked and scarred up. She's scratched bad enough now by the bushes, so that I hardly knew her for the beauty I saw at the Major's t'other day. Let go of her hair, you red scaramouch," he continued, using a word of reproach which he was sure the Indian would not understand, but which would serve to convey a sense of his authority to the prisoner, "and put up your knife before something happens; there's no need of it just now."

"Hist!" replied the Indian, stopping and looking back.

"Charge, my men, charge! here they are!" shouted the same loud, ringing voice which had so recently spread a panic through the band. So cheery and confident were the tones, that no one could have doubted they proceeded from the leader of a force fully able to execute the commands so boldly issued.

Huntington, who had followed nearly on the track of the more advanced Rubel, had come within hearing of the concealed party at the moment of their starting on their new course, and had followed them stealthily, until well assured that Miss Barton was in their custody, which he learned only by catching a few words of Shale's remarks, for the darkness did not admit of seeing more than the faintest outline of the fugitives.

He could not even tell with certainty how many there were, nor did he dare to discharge a weapon in the obscurity, lest he might injure the prisoner instead of her captors.

But relying on the cowardice of the enemy, and assured that his only hope of success was in rashness, he leaped forward, still calling on his imaginary followers, and even replying to himself with changed intonation of voice, until the guilty Shale fully believed that a considerable force was in pursuit.

Elizabeth, being no longer directly threatened, screamed and struggled, and the young officer, guided by the sound, was instantly at her side. At the same moment he felt a knife enter his side, and he saw a figure, which seemed to have sprung from a recumbent position, dart away from him, and disappear too rapidly to admit of sending a bullet in pursuit. It was the Indian; but Shale, who had clung tenaciously to his prize, and who was trying to drag her along, did not see the enemy until he was too close upon him to admit of escaping unharmed.

The pistol which had been vainly pointed after the savage was instantly turned upon him and fired, for the lieutenant, in the great excitement of the moment, scarcely felt the pain of the wound inflicted on himself.

"Hell and furies! I'm shot!" screamed the Tory, springing away from his victim and his assailant, and plunging farther into the wood, whence his mingled oaths and groans continued to be heard, together with calls upon his recent companion for aid to escape.

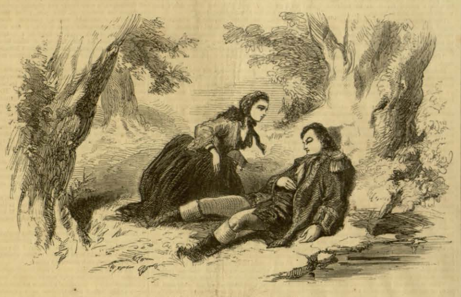
Huntington did not know whether his work was completed or not; he had drawn another pistol, and with both it and his sabre ready for use, he peered earnestly on every side through the darkness, now mistaking the smaller trees and now some waving bush, touched by the breeze, for an approaching foe.

Elizabeth had sunk voiceless to the ground, overpowered by the great excitement which the hope of rescue created, and her champion began to feel faint from the loss of blood, which he knew was trickling from his side in no stinted stream.

He stooped to address Miss Barton, and to his repeated invocation she at last replied faintly. When he had gained her attention, he inquired, still in a low voice, how many there were of her captors.

"There were but two with me," she said, "but there are many more near at hand."

"The two have fled," he replied, "and we must try to leave this spot, and return to the place where we left your cousin. Can you walk?"



THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT AND MISS BARTON.

"Oh, yes—yes, if there is hope of escape."

The difficulty with which she arose, even with her companion's aid, and the greater effort with which she at first maintained, an erect position, seemed to negative her boast, but she gained steadiness and strength, and having taken the arm of her unknown friend, the two proceeded slowly, and as silently as possible on their way, Huntington still keeping the most vigilant watch for the enemy.

Impressed with the importance of keeping silence, and really scarcely able to speak, Miss Barton asked no question of her rescuer, who she did not doubt was one of her neighbors, but whose voice she vainly tried to recognize.

They proceeded very slowly, even more so than Elizabeth believed necessary—for hope had given her strength, and she thought at times that, so far from receiving assistance from her companion, she was retarded by his more lingering step. They had reached a point where the light of the fading fires was distinctly seen, flickering through the trees, when the young man said in a whisper:

"Can you—can you walk alone? I am slightly hurt, and a little faint. Mr. Halmer and a Mr. Pike are waiting for us near the fires. If you—can send—one of them to me——"

He fell as he spoke, and the terrified girl saw that he was utterly speechless. She knelt at his side, and frantically tried, by chafing his hands and his temples, to restore him to consciousness; but she was rewarded by no signs of animation.

She tried to find his wound, that she might stop the flow of blood, but in this she was unsuccessful—and then she started, with what little speed she could command, to seek her cousin, yet turning frequently to mark the spot where she had left her friend, and to make sure that she could retrace her way to him. Her steps, almost vigorous at first, grew feebler as she advanced in her tangled path, and it was the slight noise made by her approach which had started the valorous Pike in the midst of his unfinished vaunts, to seek refuge in the darker wood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

With what emotions Joab and his companion, in their retreat, beheld the figure of Miss Barton issuing alone into the circle of light which yet surrounded the crumbling pyres, it would be impossible to describe.

"Good Heavens! it is Elizabeth!" exclaimed Halmer, springing forward to meet her; but the heroic Pike, seeing no danger in the way, instantly rushed past the enfeebled youth, and first gained the side of the young lady.

"Here she is! Here she is!" he shouted, grasping her by the arm; "we've saved her at last; while the others have beat the bush, we've caught the bird—ha! ha! I was the first to lay hands on her—mind that, Mr. Halmer—I was the first."

But neither Elizabeth nor Joab, who came rapidly up, seemed to hear or heed the words of the braggart, so deeply were they affected at meeting each other in safety. Their words of explanation were few and rapid, and to her cousin's exultant congratulations on her escape, and his inquiries how it had been effected, Elizabeth replied, resisting his attempt to lead her to a safer position:

"No, no—you must go with me. My deliverer, I fear, is killed. Come quickly; I will lead you to him."

"Killed?" said Joab, instantly accompanying her on her return. "Who can it be? Not poor Rubel, I hope."

"It is certainly not Doctor Rubel. He seems to be a very young man, and I am sure he is an entire stranger to me."

"It's Leftenant Huntington," said Pike, who was at their side, "the same chap that got ahead of us all and frightened away the redskins—he and the doctor—afore we had a chance to come up and kill them——"

"My own preserver!" replied Joab, excitedly, and hastening his steps.

"Well, I don't know about that; we should have saved you easy enough if he had waited a few minutes, and we wouldn't have let 'em off with only one man shot. Not to say but what he did well enough. I am sorry he is killed, but I don't know what else he could expect considerin' his rash way of goin' to work."

"His rashness has at least saved my life," said Elizabeth.

"And mine," added Halmer.

"Yes, but don't you see that the same thing might a' been accomplished without——"

"No, no, no," rejoined Joab, impetuously; "I can see nothing derogatory to a generous, self-sacrificing man, who, when a fellow-being is in danger, does not stop to calculate the most prudent way in which he can save him."

"We are almost there," said Elizabeth, anxiously. "Heaven grant that we may find him alive."

"You needn't expect that, Miss, if an Injen stabbed him. They know where to strike, and I'd bet my best hat he's done for."

"Don't talk so loud, my friend; there may be more of the Mohawks lurking around here."

"Y—yes, that's true—and, I declare, what's that? There's one of 'em now!" said Pike, retreating a few steps, yet presenting his gun, which shook like a reed in the wind, and would have endangered one of his companions, if it had been discharged.

Joab struck it down—and the staggering figure of the wounded lieutenant advanced to meet them.

"I am better, [illegible] has revived me; but I am very faint and thirsty."

"Take my arm, and his on the other side, and let us get back to the light."

"If you can drink whiskey,"—said Pike, pulling a flask from his pocket.

"Oh, anything—anything!" exclaimed Huntington, eagerly grasping the bottle, and taking several swallows of the fiery fluid.

"I mixed a little water with it before I started, 'cause its handy to take on the road, and the night air is so onwholesome."

"It will give me strength," replied the wounded man, who soon showed the effects of the rapidly diffusible stimulus, in the increased firmness of his step.

"Where is your wound?" asked Joab.

"In this side—between the ribs, yet not deep, I think; and the bleeding does not now appear to be profuse."

"It's probably bleedin' mostly inside," replied Pike; "and that's the kind of wound that's most dangerous. I remember a case of a stab by an Injen, where there didn't seem much harm done at first, but——"

"Never mind your story now, Mr. Pike," said Joab; "let us keep as still as possible, and hurry on."

As soon as they reached a point where a sufficient light could be obtained, without exposing themselves to view by any close proximity to the fires, Halmer made a careful examination of the wound, while Elizabeth, remaining a little distance off, prepared lint and bandages, quite forgetful of her momentary curiosity to see the face of her deliverer.

"It does not look like a very severe wound," said Joab, "but I wish Dr. Rubel was here to tell us what to do."

"Do nothing, except to apply the lint and bands," replied the wounded man; "and let us make the best of our way back to the Hall, while my strength lasts."

"But I must at least call back our friends," said Joab, suddenly remembering the signal. "I ought to have thought of it sooner."

"Look out you don't call somebody else back with your signal," said Pike.

"We will get more into the shade before shouting, and if anybody comes that is not wanted we must defend ourselves as best we can."

"And pretty work we shall make of it, with one dyin' man, and one gal, and you yourself about used up. I wouldn't call at all—*I* wouldn't. They'll give up the chase afore long, and follow us home."

Heedless of this selfish counsel, Halmer, as soon as his party had obtained a position of greater obscurity, placed his hands beside his mouth, and sent forth the peculiar cry which Huntington had taught him as the rallying sign of the party.

"*He* can do it better," said the lieutenant, pointing to Pike, whose great breadth of chest attested the volume of lungs which it enclosed.

"That I can," replied the man, glad to win a little cheap distinction, "and I'll give you a roar that'll make the red skins run t'other way instead of coming to look us up—that will I. Here's for it."

Shielding his capacious mouth as Joab had done, Pike sent forth a long, loud, braying "ahoy!" which must have been audible for miles around, and which was presently answered by several distinct responses from different quarters, near and remote.

Repeating the signal at intervals, as a guide to the returning men, the waiting party soon had the gratification of hearing the crashing footsteps of some of their friends, as they leaped through the underbrush, eagerly impatient to learn the cause of the summons.

The first comer, followed at a little distance by two of his men, proved to be Major Barton himself, who called out anxiously, as he approached:

"What is it, Joab? Are you attacked?"

"'Twasn't Joab, 'twas *I* that called you," replied Pike. "Was'nt it a loud one though? And we've got your gal all safe here, major, that's what it is; and I, Levi Pike, was the very first one to lay hands on her—they'll all tell you that."

Elizabeth no sooner heard her father's voice than she sprang to meet him, and she was already clasped in his arms ere the valiant Levi had ceased to make his boasts.

A few words sufficed to inform Major Barton of all that was necessary for him at that instant to know, and he wasted little time in giving way to the great emotion which filled his noble heart.

Having himself repeated the rallying signal to hasten the remainder of his party, whose responses [illegible] he at once gave his attention to Huntington, and he was greatly relieved at the assurances of the young man that he was not seriously suffering.

Grasping his hand with deep emotion, he said:

"Heaven has sent you to us to-day, my young friend, to render us the greatest service which one mortal can possibly bestow upon another—but I will not thank you now. We will have a litter prepared for you as soon as our friends arrive, several of whom are fortunately armed with hatchets."

The young man replied: "I have already walked a long way, and I think I can get back to the horses without other help than a friendly arm."

"It is not necessary; we can make a sedan chair for you in five minutes out of these boughs; but here, in good time, is Doctor Rubel, and he shall decide the question for us by an instant examination of your wound."

"What, what is it, Major?" gasped Obed, coming pantingly up. "What! Lizzie here!" and he unceremoniously threw his arms around the young lady and gave her a kiss.

"Now Heaven be praised, I say! and praised be he, whoever he is, who has saved your child to-day."

"The leftenant is the man," said Pike; "and now the next thing is for you to save *him*, doctor; for, to my thinking, he's got an ugly scratch, and you'll have all you can do to keep him out of Heaven."

"Ah! is it so bad? We must have a light then, while I examine the wound! Fortunately I have made some preparation for casualties; but my tools and medicines are all upon Hunter's back, at the edge of the woods."

"There aint nothing to be cut off, Doctor, onless you cut the man in two in the middle," continued Pike; "his wound is between the ribs, and you know how an Indian stabs."

"I think our friend exaggerates the danger," said Huntington, calmly. "The blow was struck upwards and in the dark, and I do not think it is very deep."

"You'll see I'm right," whispered Levi to the doctor, while one ran to bring some embers from the fire. "It's the whiskey keeps him up now; but he's fainted once from the loss of blood, and I wouldn't give *that* for his chance."

The opinionated man snapped his fingers as he spoke, and his earnestness and his supposed experience in Indian warfare, made him quite an oracle with most of his hearers, who augured the worst results to their chivalrous young ally.

Nor did Obed's examination materially decrease their apprehension, for whatever his opinion may have been, or whether he had been able to form a decided one as to the danger of his patient or not, Rubel seemed to grow very grave, as he proceeded with his inspection. But then he was proverbially close-mouthed in professional matters, and he did not often risk his reputation by unnecessary predictions. He punched and kneaded the patient's side, at various points in the neighborhood of the wound, carefully watching the effect of his manipulations, and inquiring as to the pain he produced. Then making some changes in the dressings, (what physician ever found anything quite right, which had not been done by his own orders?) he directed a litter to be instantly prepared, and Pike, who had silently watched the proceedings, triumphantly exclaimed to his companions, as they proceeded to obtain the necessary boughs and bushes:

"I told you so; he'll never walk again, unless it is in the New Jerusalem. I think I know what an Indian's stab is. That's what comes of rashness you see. The silly boy jest run right in among the Injiny, without waiting for his friends to come up, and now he's cut off, afore he's hardly come of age. Whereas a prudent man that onderstood Injens, would live among 'em and fight 'em for fifty years, without ever gettin' more'n a scratch now and then."

Rubel showed less reserve in replying to the solicitous inquiries of Major Barton, expressing serious doubts as to the extent of the injury, yet asserting that it was impossible to arrive at any confident conclusion without a more favorable opportunity for examination.

The litter was soon in readiness, and the willing men who were to be its bearers, disposed their coats (which they insisted would be superfluous to them by reason of their increased exertion) upon its bushy bed, forming a really comfortable couch for the young soldier, who, notwithstanding his protestations that Miss Barton required it far more than he, was compelled to become its occupant.

Major Barton, who had never for a moment relinquished his daughter's arm, and who had received her confident assurances of her ability to walk with his assistance, having ascertained that his men were all present, gave orders for instant departure. His solicitude for the safety of the Hall and its inmates increased, as his mind became released from its anxiety for his daughter; and although he believed that no attack would be made upon it sooner than midnight, he could not be certain of its immunity to so late an hour, nor of the defence which the little garrison would be able to make without his superintendence, and the aid of the force he had withdrawn from it. His absence, which he had believed would be less than an hour, had already extended to nearly thrice that period, and he had been about to abandon, with a breaking heart, his seemingly hopeless quest of Elizabeth, and to return to the defence of the other members of his family when he heard the signal which re-called him to his friends and to the arms of his child.

Hans alone was yet missing, but his safety was not doubted, and leaving him to find his way to the Hall, in his own time, the little party set out on their return. They reached the edge of the forest about half-past eleven o'clock, and as they emerged from the wood, every eye was turned anxiously towards the Hall, for it was well understood that if taken by such a foe as beleagured it, it would already have painted the story of its disaster in letters of fire on the midnight sky. But all was quiet in that direction, and Major Barton believed that he could even catch glimpses of the lights which gleamed from the upper apartments of his house.

The horses were found undisturbed where they had been left, secured to the trees, and Huntington so strongly protested his ability to ride the remainder of the way, that he was allowed to remount his steed; while to Elizabeth and the wearied Joab, two other of the animals were assigned, their former riders following on foot.

They had not proceeded far before the lights from the Hall were plainly visible; but there was one which seemed to be swayed violently to and fro in the Observatory, and which Major Barton could scarcely doubt was designed as a signal to recall his party to the defence of his home. Impressed with this view, and with the uncertainty even of being able to make good his entrance into his besieged premises, he urged his command to greater speed, and warned them to be on their guard against a surprise.

Gladly would he have sent his daughter to some other refuge, but there was no place accessible, which had not already been deserted for the greater safety which the Hall was supposed to afford; and Elizabeth would have listened to no plan of safety for herself which involved separation, at such a moment, from her parents and her brother.

As the party drew nearer home they were startled by a dash of horsemen, three or four in number, bearing down upon them at full speed, but who, on being challenged, proved to be some of the sable servants at the Hall, who had been sent out to hasten their master's return.

Their horses, neither saddled nor bridled, were guided by the halter alone; but the riders sat firm, while they secured their progression by vigorous applications of their pendant heels to the sides of the animals.

"What's the matter, boys asked the major, briefly reining his steed as soon as he discovered the character of his visitors.

"Matter enough, massa major," said Ned, the spokesman of the party. "Cap'n Price wants you to come mejantly, cause de Injens and Tories——"

"Have they come?"

"No sare, not quite yet; but——"

"Fall in the rear! Forward, my boys!"

Much mortified at being cut short in his dispatches, Ned with difficulty refrained from further comment, and with his intelligent comrades proceeded to obey the orders to fall in the rear, by turning their horses' homeward, and clattering off far ahead of the military troop.

At the Hall the black envoys were permitted to make a more extended report, for they found themselves at once the centre of an anxious group of inquirers, eager to obtain their news.

"Dey're comin'—fas' as dey can ebber ri[illegible], wid whip an' spur. You can hear 'em now!"

"Well, what have tey done? Have they brought home Miss Barton?"

"I dun know—guess not. He didn't say nuffin to me about it. All he said to me was: 'Forward, my boys!' an so we come ahead as fass as we could come."

But Ned's saddened auditors did not have long to wait for the happy news, which was soon disseminated throughout the Hall and its environs by the arrival of the military party, and the rescued pair, whose fate had been the cause of such general solicitude.

Elizabeth found herself at once in the embrace of her mother and brother, who had passed such hours of painful suspense as words could but feebly depict, and whose joy was utterable now only in broken phrases and in ejaculations of thanksgiving to Heaven. The faithful Joab received a scarcely less affectionate greeting, though even his chivalrous deeds, incalculable as was their value, were temporarily eclipsed in the general estimation by the more brilliant exploits of the stranger who had effected Miss Barton's rescue—perhaps at the expense of his life. Nor were Dr. Rubel's great services undervalued, though Obed could not repress a feeling of disappointment at the event which had given such prominence to the young lieutenant, whose wound, with its uncertain issue, he would gladly have assumed, for the distinction which it conferred. For he felt an unpleasant presentiment that, in as far as related to Miss Barton's especial favor, Huntington, and not himself, was the "coming man." Yet how did he know that the stranger, even if he escaped the perils incident to his wound, would take a fancy to the young lady whom he had saved? He might not be particularly susceptible to the influence of beauty; perhaps military ambition entirely swayed his heart; perhaps (strongest presumption still) that heart was preoccupied by one as fair and fascinating as the witching daughter of Major Barton.

Such were the thoughts with which the Æsculapian lover allayed the pangs of jealousy and rekindled the fading flame of hope in his breast, and it really required an effort for him to feel shocked, when the officious Pike, who had ridden beside the patient, reported upon his condition with his usual croaking vaticination.

"You'll find him worse, Doctor," he said. "He stood the ride very well for a while, but afore we got here I had to hold him on his horse, and when we lifted him off in the yard he looked like a ghost and couldn't speak above a whisper. I don't think there'll be much occasion for your services, but he may last a few hours. They've got him into his room, and the Major thinks you'd had better come right up and see him; for he's got somethin' else to tend to."

The doctor, who had tarried in the court-yard to listen to some tidings about the approaching foe, hastily obeyed this summons, but remarked, as he went along:

"He's a headstrong boy, and ought to have kept in the litter, as I told him. I can't be responsible for results, when my directions are so manifestly disregarded."

"'Twouldn't have made much difference, I reckon. His days are numbered, and I think some one ought to tell him so, in case he might want to send any messages to his friends. I'd be willing to take that painful duty on myself, if you think proper."

"You shall be quite welcome to the office if it proves necessary, but I hope you mistake his symptoms. The loss of a few pounds of blood, following upon a day of such fatigue as he has had, (for he had been in the saddle all day before he reached the Hall,) is enough to account for his present position, without assuming his wound to be mortal."

"It's enough to make it mortal, I should think."

"Well, perhaps it is; but if there is any power in medicine to save him, he shall not die for want of its application, at least as far as my poor skill goes. He has his mother and friends somewhere, who if they knew his condition would feel just as much for him as Elizabeth's parents and all of us did for her, and after what he has done this day——"

"This is the room, Doctor."

"Oh, yes—very well; but if you are going in, don't look quite so dismal. Many a weak patient has been scared to death by friends with funereal faces around their beds. Smiles and cheerful words are often more efficacious than any medicines, and they are certainly pleasanter to take."

"And cheaper, too," muttered Pike.

CHAPTER XIX.

Our narrative returns to the fortunes of the luckless Tory, whom it left wounded and alone in the depth of the forest, calling frantically for aid on his Indian ally, who, heedless of the invocation, was making the best of his way back to the camp. Shale was shot in the breast, and his pain and alarm were so great, that he continued to call loudly for aid, hoping to summon some of his scattered friends to his assistance, but willing rather to run the risk of being taken prisoner by a civilized enemy, than to be left to perish alone in the wilderness. All attempts at walking increased his pain and the flow of blood, and he grew desperate with the fear of death, which his guilty conscience assured him he deserved. He called on his recent comrades by name—one by one; he shouted till he was hoarse, for he felt certain that some of them were lurking within sound of his voice.

"Crow! Red Fox! Bison! Aye, Bison, where are you? Your arm is strong! I have gold for you—gold, to buy barrels of rum! You shall have it all—*all!* you shall. Don't be afraid to come, good Bison! There is no enemy here—I am all alone! Come Bison, you are a great brave. Do not leave me here to die!"

[illegible] ness as he exhibits who is determined to hear the response he desires.

But all was silent save the echoes which came back to him in tones of anguish that he did not recognize as his own.

"They mock me!" he said. "The cowardly dogs are already far on their way to the camp; they will not even tell Capt. Butler where and how they have left me. Bison! good Bison! you must—you shall hear me! Bison! I say, I swear to you there is no danger. They are gone—I am all alone!"

A crackling of boughs brought joy to his despairing heart.

"Ah, there you are," he continued. "I knew you would not desert your friend. I have gold and jewels for you; but you must get me back to the camp, where this blood can be stopped. Is it you, Bison?"

"It is the 'Neida Hog!" said the new-comer, tauntingly, as he advanced closer to the wounded man, who was sitting on the ground. "He is not quite burnt yet! Your fire was not hot enough to kill him! Your ropes could not hold him! Your knives have passed through him—but he is here! You have taken away his string of scalps, but he will have more!"

Voiceless with terror, Shale gazed like one demented at the dreadful apparition he had summoned. Half an hour before, the Oneida had been bound to the stake, while Shale, the leader of his enemies, looked calmly on as the approver at least, if not the author of his appointed doom. Now the tables were turned.

"He will have more!" repeated Hans, fingering both knife and tomahawk with a hesitation which seemed to proceed from a desire to prolong the sweet feast of revenge.

If the King of Terrors had appeared in bodily form to claim the Tory he could not have felt more certain of his doom than he did at the sight of his late prisoner.

He sank lower, his frame quivered, his teeth chattered, yet he put up deprecating hands, and as soon as he could find voice, begged abjectly for mercy.

"I am already wounded and dying," he said; "I have—have given up the girl—I did not—want to burn you—it was the Big Bison—I tried to save you, good Hans. Do not strike! I have gold—gold that shall be yours."

The Indian looked at his unmanly enemy with an expression of utter contempt, and still handled his weapon menacingly. But he hesitated about dispatching his victim, for Major Barton and his daughter had both, in former days, tried to teach him the wickedness of killing defenceless prisoners, and as he had been that day acting as the especial champion of Elizabeth, her instructions came back to him with peculiar force, and he feared to offend her by disregarding them.

If his captive had been an Indian, he probably would not have hesitated; the fatal blow would have been expected, and it would have been received without protest. But if Hans hesitated, he did not wish the Tory to believe that he did so, and for many minutes he inflicted upon him the tortures of the direst apprehension. He advanced closer to his prisoner with his tomahawk upraised as if for the fatal blow; he danced rapidly around him, seeming to seek a place to strike, while the Tory's hands were trying to shield his head, and his voice was pouring forth the most voluble and frantic appeals for mercy.

At times Hans would assume to listen to these appeals for awhile, and then, shaking his head negatively, he would again rush upon his victim, repeating his former furious and threatening gesticulations with such violence that the wretched man died a hundred deaths in anticipation, and began almost to wish the horrid tragedy complete.

But when the Oneida had played his novel game of torture out, he informed his prisoner that he would not kill him at present, but that he would take him to St. Regis Hall, where he assured him he would be hung early the next morning, if he did not die of his wounds before that time. Shale was greatly relieved at this announcement, for he well knew that Major Barton would not put him to death, and he even believed that he would receive better medical attention at his hands than in his own camp.

His chief fear now was of the fatal character of his wound, from which he was greatly suffering, and which he knew would be aggravated by such a forced march as he believed Hans would compel him to make.

The Indian indeed did not spare him. He urged him along over their rough pathway at the point of the bayonet, and when the wretched man told him that he was killing him, he replied:

"So better; then you won't be hung. Save rope. Go on."

Hans and his prisoner arrived at the Hall only about an hour later than Major Barton's party, the latter having been compelled to take a longer route in order to reach the point at which their horses had been left.

Their arrival caused no little additional excitement, even where all was commotion before, and the Tory, faint and ghastly, the object of much curious inspection and of not a few bitter invectives, was still greatly relieved at being free from his Indian tormentor.

At first, indeed, his position was not decidedly ameliorated, for Mr. Pike chanced to be among his earliest visitors, and *his* welcome was not of the most hearty kind. He did not allow any "personal considerations" to prevent a free expression of his sentiments towards the prisoner.

"You're the *reptyle*, are you," he said, "that's made all this trouble, and led on these savages to rob, and burn and murder. Let's take a look at yer. You're the man—the dog, I mean—that come spyin' down to the Hall a week ago to learn all its defences, and went and reported everything to Butler, and has brought 'em all down upon us, are you? Let's see you." Pike pushed the prostrate man a little with his foot to make him disclose his face, which was turned partly towards the ground, but only a groan replied to his attacks.

"You carried off Miss Barton, did you—the pride of the Hall—and wanted her for yourself?"

"No, no, no—it was the Mohawks. I tried to save her. I did save her; they would have killed her if it hadn't been for me."

"Yes, yes—we understand about that—we've heard the other side of the story. Tried to save her, indeed! You tried to save Leftenant Huntington, too, I s'pose, when your Injin friend murdered him."

"Is he dead?" asked Shale, eagerly.

"Not quite, but about as good as dead. He's ravin' delirious, and is talkin' to his mother and sisters, he thinks—talkin' about his pleasant home, and their garden and flowers, but the flowers, he says, has blood on their leaves. It's enough to make a savage cry to hear him. I shed tears myself."

"*I* didn't stab him."

"Oh, no, you didn't do nothing. You are as innocent as a babe, *you* are. But I can't waste time on such a critter as you. Probably you've got your *quietus* as well as he, and if not, there's them here that knows how to dispose of a red-handed and black-hearted Tory like you, as soon as we get a little leisure. Hans and the negurs shall be your judge and jury, and executioners, too. So you can sleep on *that* to-night."

But Shale's present condition was soon to some extent alleviated. He was not disappointed in his dependance on the humanity of the person whom he had so basely sought to injure, and upon whose compassion, his own wounded and apparently dying condition constituted a claim which no antecedent crimes of the sufferer could abrogate.

Major Barton gave directions that the wretched man should be removed into the house, that a bed should be provided for him in the servants' quarters, and he requested Dr. Rubel to give him such attendance as the exigencies of the hour would permit, a desire which Obed complied with by promptly repairing to the bedside of his new patient, with a formidable array of surgical tools, and with a professional eagerness for work, which caused him to look rather with favor than with animosity upon his late enemy. He was greatly disappointed when he found that there was no chance for an amputation, and that his business was confined to a little useless probing for a bullet, the dressing of the external wound and the administering of quieting medicines, with no other expected result than that of smoothing the sufferer's pathway to the grave.

CHAPTER XX.

Captain Price, who had been left in command of the forces at the Hall, had proved a faithful and vigilant officer, and had left nothing undone which lay in his power, to fortify his position, and to increase the chances of a successful defence against the expected attack. Nothing, however, had been attempted in the way of entrenchments or other external defences. The main position of the edifice was of stone, and was in every respect strongly and securely built; but there was unfortunately a wooden addition in the rear which might become exposed to incendiary attacks, and which required a special defence. The outhouses were quite unprotected, but all the horses were carefully led into the cellar of the Hall through a wide stairway which opened from the back yard, and which in summer constituted the usual mode of communication with those subterranean quarters. Here the carriages were also stored, with all the equipage from the stables, and various out-of-door valuables, so that the assailants could really acquire but few spoils if they failed in obtaining possession of the house.

But Capt. Price scarcely believed in the possibility of repelling so large a force, even with the whole of their little garrison, and if the enemy should arrive during the absence of the rescuing party and of their able commander, the peril of course would be greatly augmented.

The protracted absence of Major Barton and his command gave him great uneasiness, and when, near midnight, some late refugees from a point several miles down the river, reported the enemy actually in motion, and approaching the Hall, he resolved to send out messengers in search of his friends, to give them the alarm and to expedite their return.

Four of the servants had volunteered for this duty with an alacrity which somewhat surprised the captain, for the negroes had not thus far manifested any excess of courage; but as they were not likely to be of much use inside, and were good riders, he gladly accepted their services, which he certainly would not have done if he could have heard the consultation which resulted in the offer of them.

"Tell you what, Joe," said Ned, with dilated eyes, "dis is gettin' ser'ous, dis is; de inimy close by—five or six hundred, maybe—and Massa Major and all the best fightin' men gone away."

"It's my 'pinion dat it's parfeckly orful," replied Joe.

"Now, you see Cap'n Price, he'll hef to 'pitulate right off—mejuntly."

"What's dat?"

"S'render dis ere house and all de furniture, and all de folks, and we shall all be prisoners, 'ceptin' what de Injens please to amuse demselves wid by tomahawkin', and scalpin', and roastin', which would proberbly be us colored peo-ple—'cause de Injens don't like colored folks."

A general chattering of teeth responded to this statement, and Ned continued:

"Now Cap'n Price is gwine to send out men after Massa Major right away, and I'd jes like to be one of dem men wot he sends."

"So would I," was the general reply.

"He'll give us hosses to go on, and—and we'll go till we find him, and if we don't find him we can keep on looking, hey?"

"Sartain; we won't come back widout Masser, not wile dere are any Injens around."

The envoys, as we have seen, were accepted greatly to their satisfaction, which was somewhat diminished by the speedy success of their mission, and their enforced return to the scene of danger.

The long-expected enemy did not arrive until nearly one o'clock in the morning, their delay doubtless having been occasioned by waiting for the return of the smaller party of marauders, whose operations had been so unexpectedly retarded. Their approach was announced by sentinels who had been placed in the fields, and who came silently in, as instructed, without firing upon the advancing foe.

Barton did not yet altogether abandon the hope that Butler would leave him unmolested, and he resolved to give him no provocation for an attack.

A few horsemen preceded the main body of the enemy, the first portion of which advanced with something like military order, while a large number followed in broken ranks, and with little regard to discipline. It was difficult to estimate their numbers with confidence, as seen by the dim starlight, and partly hidden by the trees; but the force was large enough to leave no hope for the patriot party, if their views were hostile, and if their courage bore any proportion to their strength.

Would they spare the Hall, and pass on in pursuit of prisoners and plunder, in more defenceless quarters?

If not, would they summon the garrison, or begin an attack at once, and without parley? These were questions which were agitating every breast, when a loud and sonorous command issued from the front of the column: "*Halt!*"

There was decision in the tone, perhaps defiance, nothing certainly from which the hearers could augur anything like amity.

The little army filled the road directly in front of the house, and were separated from it only by the length of the front yard or lawn, which was some eight or nine rods in length. A picket fence surrounded this yard, while the adjoining carriage-road from the street to the stables was similarly enclosed, a gate from each enclosure opening into the street.

Major Barton had withdrawn his whole force within the building; the lights were extinguished, or were burning where no ray from them could reach the outer air, and to all external appearance, the inmates of the Hall were enjoying their usual nightly repose.

But these appearances did not betray the leader of the enemy into making an unguarded attack; for he well knew that his force could not pass through so decided a patriot settlement without being duly heralded by the alarmed inhabitants.

He advanced to the fence, and, in a loud voice, demanded an interview with Major Edward Barton, the proprietor of St. [illegible]

The [illegible] upper [illegible]ing announced himself as the individual required, he was met by an instant summons to surrender the Hall.

"Who is it that makes this modest request?" asked Barton, "and by what authority?"

"It is Captain Butler—a loyal American officer; and by authority of Colonel Guy Johnson, a commissioned officer in his Majesty's service."

"Is Colonel Johnson with you?"

"No; do you surrender?" was the reply, in an impatient tone.

"Certainly not; I am prepared to defend my home, and I warn you to pass on, and not molest me."

"Come on, my boys," shouted the Tory captain, "there's nobody here but an old man and half a dozen niggers, and there's lots of plunder. Come on!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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DISCIPLINE;

OR,

HELEN'S RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Mr. Arnott came gruffly up his own front steps, and thrust his latch-key into its place with a quick, sharp click that was audible throughout the house. Nobody came out to meet him—it was not the custom of that household. The children had been playing, somewhat riotously, up stairs in their mother's room, but the click of that key operated as a spell of silence. Their laughter was smothered, their faces grew suddenly grave, and they each stole away to seats which they proceeded to occupy in grim silence.

Mr. Arnott's chief pride in his family consisted in being its "head"—that is to say, in exacting due submission to his unquestioned will. He called himself a practical man, and had various stern ideas of discipline—theories that sounded remarkably well in the utterance, but unfortunately were not quite satisfactory in their results when put in practice.

In his sphere of household discipline he included all who came beneath his roof—wife, children, servants, and even guests, to just such extent as the length of their delay, and the nearness of their connection, rendered possible.

Mrs. Arnott, listening anxiously, now read great mental disturbance in certain sounds which rose to her ear from the lower floor, such as energetic questions to a servant, slamming of doors, and other indications generally supposed to betoken explosions of feminine wrath. She had feared this, for she knew that "discipline" had received a rude shock that day.

Presently her door was thrown open, and her husband came striding into the room, black wrath upon his brow, no smile nor pleasant greeting, in truth no greeting, of whatever sort, to any member of the silent household. Mrs. Arnott looked up from the sewing which trembled visibly in her hands, with a wan smile that faded quickly before his freezing aspect. Mr. Arnott strode to the fire, and turning his back to it, stood upon the hearth-rug and glowered upon his family.

"Are you cold, George?" the wife ventured to ask.

"I believe I pay the coal-bills, Madam," was the amiable reply. "I suppose I have the right to warm myself at my own fire."

Mr. Arnott looked round upon the group. Probably he thought them sufficiently petrified, for he broke out suddenly with the remark:

"So, Helen's here again."

"She has just arrived," the wife ventured to reply, seeing that something was expected of her. "She came down on business."

"And is making a hotel of my house. How often must she be informed that I will have but one visit in the year from her, or any of your relations."

"She understands that, George, but she thought, I suppose, that you would not object to her staying here a day or two while she attended to the matters which brought her to the city."

"And what right, may I ask, has she to think anything about it? Am I to make rules for this household, or is she? Am I the head of this family, or is Miss Helen Chapman?"

"You, of course, George; but——"

The course of this matrimonial dialogue was here interrupted by the entrance of the subject of discussion, a very pretty and piquant girl of eighteen or twenty, as like pale, faded Mrs. Arnott as a brilliant, smiling portrait, fresh from some great artist's pencil, is to a dim daguerreotype, which must be held in a certain light to be seen at all. Helen had often been told at home that she greatly resembled her sister Lucy—it was not easy for her to believe the tale.

She came up to her brother-in-law, smiling, and held out a plump, pretty hand in greeting. But before she reached him the hand fell to her side, and the smile faded from her lips. Mr. Arnott's salutation was a short nod, a grunt, and then the presentation of his broad shoulders and bald head. Helen glanced at her sister, saw the tears rising in her eyes, and had an indistinct vision of small faces, radiant a few minutes before, now grave and awe-stricken. She smiled reassuringly upon the poor wife, and returned courageously to the attack of Sir Bruin upon the hearth.

"Don't you know me, George? You did not speak to me when you met me on the street, just now, but I supposed you did not recognize me. Surely you have not forgotten me in six weeks."

"Nor should not if you stayed away a year, as you know I expected you would. What is the use of discipline in a man's household, if his wife's beggarly relations take the liberty of trampling upon it at their pleasure?"

Helen's eyes shot fire from their violet depths, and the poor wife uttered a feeble ejaculation. For that sister's sake Helen mastered the impulse which would have led her to turn silently from the house, and answered calmly:

"I am not a beggar, since I earn every dollar I spend. Business brought me to the city, and I came to stay at my sister's house for the day or two that I shall be here, just as we should expect you or yours to come to our house under similar circumstances. But——"

"'Your sister's house!' I was not aware that she had a house," sneered Mr. Arnott. "But since you are here, you can stay in mine. But mind, I will not have my rules broken over again."

"I'll not break your rules, sir," answered Helen, with spirit. "I am going at once, and you need make no more rules in regard to me, for you will never again have the opportunity to repeat the insults of this hour. Good-bye, Lucy, my dear. Perhaps you will be happier if none of us intrude here, though it will be hard not to see you sometimes. Good-bye, children; don't forget Aunt Helen," and she went from one to another kissing each.

While this was going on Mr. Arnott had time to reflect. There was no earthly reason why Helen should not stay there, except the arbitrary rule he had chosen to make, that one yearly visit from his wife's relations must suffice. He had a large house, plenty of domestics, and grudged neither the trouble nor expense of a guest. It would sound ill to any who should hear that he had turned his wife's sister from his door. The Chapmans were poor, but not "beggarly," as he had termed them. They sustained themselves well, and were respected and had local influence. Several of his best customers resided in the same place; Miss Helen herself, during her late visit, had bought of him a handsome bill of goods for the millinery establishment in which she was forewoman, and had a small partnership.

I am sorry to say that he never thought of his wife's feelings at all, not being in the habit of taking matters of so little account into consideration; but, before Helen had completed her round of farewells and reached the door, he intercepted her.

"You are not going, Helen; since you have chosen to come, it is proper for you to remain here. Lucy, take your sister upstairs, and see if dinner is not nearly ready."

Helen resisted. Her spirit was roused by unprovoked insults; but after a long time, melted by Lucy's sorrowful, pleading face, she consented to stay "just over night;" and while Mr. Arnott was fretting himself into a rage because the dinner was just "four minutes and twenty seconds too late, by his watch," she was arranging her dress, as well as she could for her tears, in the upper room to which her sister had brought her.

I wonder whose picture it was that she took out of its velvet case, just before she went down stairs, and pressed to her lips, while a happy, prophetic smile, that made her eyes glisten like diamonds through the tears that yet lingered, broke over her face.

Mr. Arnott condescended to be tolerably affable during dinner. But for his mania for discipline he would not have been worse than many other men. He was very selfish, but could wear the "livery of Heaven" on occasion. He had been called a "model Christian gentleman" in certain complimentary resolutions got up by a society which he had formed and controlled for some years, and it was but natural that he should sometimes strive to deserve the character.

Helen felt as if the food was choking her, but for Lucy's sake she affected to eat, and listened and replied appropriately.

The evening passed heavily. Mr. Arnott retired behind his newspaper, and it was understood that no one should speak while he was reading. The elder children studied their lessons, and the two ladies were glad when the hour for the younger ones to retire arrived, for then they stole away to the nursery for a quiet sisterly gossip.

Helen went out early in the morning. Mr. Arnott, at breakfast, had informed her that he had just received several cartons of ribbands at his store, and asked her to give him a call if she was making purchases, and she had bowed an acknowledgment of the invitation, but made no promise. Mrs. Arnott was busy in the nursery when she went away, and therefore lost the opportunity of asking any questions as to her destination or return.

Two days passed without any tidings from Helen. Mrs. Arnott and the baby both became ill. Mr. Arnott became frightened and put a notice in the papers. The next morning a policeman called at the house early, and stated that Smith, 20, of the 10th precinct, had seen a young lady answering the description of Miss Chapman, talking at the corner of a certain street with a young man, rather tall, black hair and eyes, military whiskers, and well-dressed, and that she had gone, accompanied by him, toward one of the ferries. And Jones, 5, of another precinct, had seen a similar pair enter one of the railroad stations.

"Why, that might be John Graydon," exclaimed Mrs. Arnott. "But she could not, of course, go away with him."

"And who may John Graydon be?" sternly inquired Mr. Arnott, for he was getting heartily tired of the whole matter—anxiety, sick wife, crying children, total derangement of discipline, so unprecedented, and all."

"Why, the son of our old minister at S. He and Helen have known each other from childhood. He came here once to see her when she was visiting me."

"To my house!" gasped Mr. Arnott—"a man not invited by me!" The shock overpowered him; but presently he managed to say, with withering scorn: "Then you think this wretched girl has disgraced us by a runaway match, after all? And what may be the occupation of the gentleman she has thrust into our family?"

"Oh, I don't think so at all," replied Mrs. Arnott to one of his questions. "There would be no necessity for running away. Father and mother could not object to John, for he is an excellent young man; and though he is only a carpenter, and works in the Navy Yard, he is a foreman, and gets excellent wages. He told me when he was here that his savings would soon enable him to go into some other business."

Mr. Arnott was for once silent with rage. He forgot that he was but a clerk when his wife married him, and that the small sum she had saved from three or four years' school-teaching had added enough to his accumulations to enable *him* to "go into other business."

He assumed at once that Helen had run away with John Graydon, and ordering his wife not to mention her name again in his presence, strode out of the room and slammed the door with a crash that nearly stunned the poor sufferer.

He had hardly reached the lower hall, when the bell rang, and a telegram was handed in. He tore it open, and found his late suspicions confirmed. Helen had sent the message. In the inland city where she and Graydon had stopped upon their brief wedding-tour, they had seen Mr. Arnott's advertisement, and she first realized the anxiety she had caused her sister. Therefore she hastened to reassure her.

Mr. Arnott showed the telegram to his wife, and then issued his imperial ukase to the effect that not only these obnoxious Graydons should never be recognized by her, but that every member of her family should thenceforth be excluded from his house.

"He had had trouble enough with them. Let them keep out of his way, henceforth."

Poor Mrs. Arnott submitted, as she always did; and if her cheek became paler, and her step more languid, discipline was maintained, and Mr. Arnott never noticed the change.

But about a year later the household rules were again disturbed, and for some days there was no such thing as discipline or order in the Arnott house. Then its pale, shadowy mistress, peacefully at rest at last, was carried forth to the home "prepared for all living." When she was dead her parents were permitted to see her, and so was her sister Helen; but Mr. Arnott spoke to none of them, and after the funeral they did not return to the house.

Mrs. Arnott's remains have reposed peacefully beneath the shadow of the trees of Greenwood for ten years. He had lost his wealth; spirit and courage were gone, before the last great change came. As he lay alone upon his dying-bed, there were many memories of the past to haunt him, among them that of the blooming, sprightly girl on whom the iron hand of his [illegible] crushed her into the grave. And he foresaw for her children the beggary he had once laid scornfully at the door of her relatives.

But to that chamber of penitence and suffering light footsteps came. Cool hands were laid on the fevered brow, [illegible] voices murmured soothing words in his ear. Helen and her husband had come to him in his hour of need, and he died at last content. His children had never forgotten "Aunt Helen," and in her home, now one of affluence, they find shelter and love. The old arbitrary discipline is at an end, and the reign of kindness has begun.

Helen has never regretted that Mr. Arnott's unkindness precipitated her marriage with John Graydon. She has been happy. In her little shop on Canal street she has worked cheerfully, while John toiled in the Navy Yard. And so they gained the beautiful home where poor Lucy's children found happiness at last.

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THE JEALOUS MARCHIONESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNTESS D'ASH.

BY JUL. G. DURANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LEGEND.

"Depart!" repeated Beatrix. "At this hour! and where are we going, if you please?"

"To rejoin your daughter, my dear; you desired it so much!"

"To rejoin your Christine, sir! that is what you should say. I shall not accompany you."

"Beatrix! Beatrix! Do you wish to drive me mad? Have you no pity on me?"

She thought he would yield, and her temper did not fail her as usual. She struggled against it, and showed herself decided.

"Have you had pity on me? You!" she replied. "What do I owe you? Which of us is guilty? Which of us has failed to perform his or her duty? Sir! you have always treated me as a servant and your victim; until now I have always obeyed you. I am at length tired of it; I will not follow you."

"You will not follow me!"

"No."

"You will not follow me!" repeated he, his teeth grating with anger. "I tell you that you shall follow me!"

"No! No! No!"

"Beatrix, take care!"

"Follow you! to serve as a trophy to that miserable creature! to show her that your love belongs to her, and that I am reduced to an object of disdain, of contempt! Sir, I will do this no more! do you hear, sir? I am resolved. I am prepared to endure anything; but I shall not longer submit to that humiliation, unworthy of myself, unworthy of your daughter's mother."

He was scowling upon her with dark looks whilst she spoke thus; and when their eyes met, she was frightened at a perverse expression, which she detected therein for the first time.

"Get up, Madame," resumed he, slowly, still withholding himself. "We start in a quarter of an hour."

"No, sir; why do you force me to repeat it? I will not go!"

Then that ferocious and indomitable passion, which had been gnawing for months in de Monza's soul, like a shameful leper; that passion, forced to show itself by the resistance it encountered on every side, was no longer able to be curbed. The marquis sprang to his wife's bed, seized her arm abruptly, and almost threw her to the floor, wringing her in such a manner as to bruise her in the fall.

"Ring for your waiting-woman, and dress," cried he. "I am decided!"

"Ah!" murmured the unfortunate woman,

thrown on the carpet, “it is all over; I am lost!”

Amédie paid no attention to her remark, and, seeing that she did not move, he rang the bell himself. The waiting woman entered. Beatrix had not pronounced one word; overwhelmed by the weight of that misfortune, of which she could only realize the depth, she allowed herself to be dressed, feeling incapable of opposing the least resistance. She resembled from that time an automaton—without thought, without voice, without feeling. She could neither give an order, nor answer the questions of her servants; the marquis remained near her, implacable and cold—his heart devoured by rage, by a terrible despair that finds an expression in no language. When she was ready, he took his wife's arm, placed her in the carriage, seated himself by her side, gave orders for the departure, and very soon after both had left the hotel.

They rode several leagues in silence. The marchioness did not remark that her husband was himself paying the postillions. Daylight came; still they sped on in the same way. The marquis hired steeple guides, paid the drivers three times as much as usual, and was driven at the risk of breaking the carriage. What mattered it! the unfortunate woman did not know where she was going, nor did she even ask. On arriving at Brussels, she alighted for the first time; but she refused all nourishment, as she had done since leaving Paris.

“Come into the hotel and rest yourself a few hours,” said de Monza; “I have some business here. If you want anything, give your orders.”

She looked around her, and perceived for the first time that they had brought no servants with them; at this her fright was redoubled, as well as her surprise. She followed step by step the girl of the hotel, who was conducting her to a room.

“Call Josephine,” said she, mechanically.

“Who is Josephine?” asked the girl.

“Ah! It is true; I had forgotten! Leave me.”

As the servant closed the door, Beatrix dropped into an armchair, and throwing a long look about the room, her heart became still more oppressed.

“Where is he taking me?” said she to herself. “What is he going to do with me? If I was to flee, I might seek Flavie, and recovering her from that wretch, escape with her to the end of the world! Yes, I will go.”

She rose. She advanced and opened the door, descended a few steps of the staircase, and there stopped. It seemed as if her heart was breaking.

“Amédie! Amédie!” exclaimed she, sobbing. “Leave Amédie! anything before that! death rather!”

She ascended again quickly to her room. Before she reached it, a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice vibrated to her ear:

“Where are you going, Madame?”

“Oh! I was going to run away; but I will not.”

“You were going to flee! It is well to know. Go back to your room, I pray you; go.”

She did not cause him to repeat it a second time; she returned to her room. He approached the window, assured himself of its height, and returned to the door.

“Sleep, if you desire,” said the marquis; “we leave in two hours.”

“Sleep!” replied she, with a heart-rending accent.

“If you wish!”

He withdrew, and Beatrix heard the key turn twice in the lock.

“Oh!” [illegible]

She remained in the same place where he had left her; when he returned she followed him without an observation, without a reproach. She took his arm, and again enjoyed a moment of happiness in feeling herself so near him. They re-entered the carriage, and their journey was resumed with the same silence and speed. It continued thus until they arrived at the Rhine. On beholding the river, Beatrix bounded like a roused lioness. She grasped her husband's arm, exclaiming:

“Where are we going?”

“What matters it to you?”

“I wish to know, or I will summon assistance. I go no farther.”

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

“Answer me, sir!”

“You are going where it pleases me to take you; no one can help you against me, for I am your husband.”

And he gave orders to go faster still; his blood was boiling in his veins, and his heart beat almost to suffocation. His imagination leaped over the space that was separating him from happiness. What might ensue during that interval disappeared from before him. Christine! Christine! she alone occupied his thoughts.

The carriage stopped.

The moon was shining in all its splendor, on a fine spring night; the waters roared afar; gigantic masses threw their dark shades on the grass plats, relieved here and there by the torches of a few servants who had gathered round the carriage. The distant rapids were the waters of the Danube; those tall shades were the castle and pine trees of Monza. The inhabitants and the keeper's family surrounded them. In an instant Beatrix understood all this.

“Monza! Monza!” exclaimed she, striking her forehead; “Monza! I am done! This is my tomb!”

The Germans that stood around did not understand her. Her husband alone knew what she said—and he pretended not to hear.

“Come! Be quick!” said he. “There is a fire lighted in your room; it is frightfully cold here.”

“Amédie, answer me, in the name of heaven! in the name of my mother who confided me to your care on her death-bed! Why do you bring me here? What are you going to do with me?”

“Nothing, be assured,” replied he, trying to smile; “here you are again, with your terrors at the sight of poor and pretty Monza!”

“Yes,” continued Beatrix, pausing to contemplate the beautiful scene that spread before her eyes; “yes, it is a pretty tomb! Do not be impatient yet, sir; I follow you. But one word more: is my daughter here?”

“No,” replied M. de Monza, very low.

“God's will be done, then! Let us go.”

One of the doorkeeper's children was preceding them, bearing a torch; the marchioness did not recognize him.

“These are new people?” said she.

“Yes, my dear. The one that was here before used to steal my wood.”

“What! Poor Fritz! Alas, he was an honest man!”

As they passed through those dull, dark, and spacious apartments, in which the panoplies and armors projected in singular and fantastic forms, Beatrix's teeth chattered with cold and fright.

“I am dying with fear,” whispered she, drawing near to her husband.

“You are childish, Beatrix.”

They arrived at the frail gallery suspended above the precipice. Madame de Monza paused again a few moments.

“There, near the Danube, was Gunther's chapel, was it not?” inquired she.

“What are you thinking of, Madame? Go! go to your room!” replied Amédie, impatiently.

She entered, and the aspect of that chamber terrified her still more.

A great fire shone in the chimney; the dancing flame sparkled joyously among the branches of resinous wood heaped upon the hearth, over which a coffee pot was boiling, and the crickets were chirping in the recesses of the fireplace. That little corner, so gay and animated, contrasted singularly with the rest of the apartment—with the dark and damp ante-chamber, the bedstead hung with a violet canopy sustained by columns of oak, the dark and unornamented wainscot, the oval window, sunk in the deep wall, and admitting the rays of the moon through its colored glass, forming a fantastic design on the marble slabs of the floor, bereft of carpet, and, finally, that melancholy odor which belongs to places for a long time closed, and that ascends to one's brain like a funeral chant! Beatrix, naturally timid, was frightened at all this; she found in it so many omens. She seated herself near the fire, as pale as death.

“Light up!” said she; “light up the chandelier, the branched candlestick, the flambeaux! Light in profusion, or I shall lose my reason!”

Two or three men and women servants were bringing in boxes; they did not understand her. Vainly did she seek among them a known face. That circumstance appeared to her very strange.

“Amédie, have you changed all your people?” she inquired. “And not one of them understands French. Transmit to them my orders, I beg of you. My blood freezes in my veins, I believe that fright has given me a fever.”

The marquis obeyed without replying, and the apartment was immediately lighted up. She thereupon appeared relieved.

“That is better,” she continued; “I no longer see Irene and Gunther; I see no longer the cruel lady of the manor standing at that door; I am once more among human beings. Who is to wait on me?”

“We shall procure a waiting-woman from Munich; until then a young girl, who speaks French a little, will remain with you. I shall send her to you very soon; in the meantime, rest yourself a little.”

“Thanks. But are you going to leave me, Amédie?”

“I shall not be with you at first, but I'll return shortly. We must talk together.”

“Postpone it until to-morrow; I am too tired this evening, and am unable to hear you.”

“No! it must be to-day—this very evening; I can wait no longer; later, perhaps, I should not have the courage——”

“And my daughter! my daughter! has anything happened to Flavie? When shall I see her again?”

“Your daughter is well, I assure you.”

“When shall I see her?”

He was silent.

“Father in Heaven!” exclaimed she, rising, and clasping her hands, “shall I never again see Flavie? You know that she loved me. Alas! that woman!” she murmured.

“I am going to order your supper,” said Amédie, “after which I shall return. Be calm! until I come back, think of God, and pray that He may inspire you with good purposes, Madame, for this night shall decide the future of our existence.”

And without awaiting an answer, he departed. These words inspired Beatrix with increased fear, yet she had not sufficient strength to recall him. Left alone with her apprehensions, her remembrances and her griefs, she was again seized with an irresistible desire to flee.

“What is going to happen? What does he mean?” thought she. “What has he to tell me? Alas! he will kill me; yes, he has kept away my servants and surrounded me with strangers. He wishes to rid himself of me; I am in his way; that woman [illegible] my place, no doubt. But I will not die! I will live! I will not succumb at my age, and leave my husband and daughter to the hands of my enemy! No, no! That can never be! Heaven will not permit it! I will call! some one shall come to my rescue!”

She raised her hand towards the mantel-piece, but found that the bell-rope had been cut at the top. She rushed to the one suspended above the bed—it was in the same condition! She ran to the door of the ante-chamber—locked! She opened the window, but her voice was lost in space, and drowned in the noise of the waves.

“Alas! Alas! I must die! I must!” exclaimed she. “It is decreed; he is going to assassinate me! help! help!”

And her head became more and more confused as she ran about the chamber, repeating:

“Oh, this frightful Monza! I knew it would be fatal to me! Here my daughter was born, here shall her mother die! Alas! this castle is accursed!”

Exhausted and out of breath, she fell into her armchair, and here her grief and fears reached their paroxysm, and she afterwards became calmed a little, or, at least, her thoughts assumed another turn. She gave herself up to commiserating her own sad condition; she reviewed in her mind all that she had suffered during the ten years of her love, and counted her tears and days of misery. Then slowly shaking her head, she thought:

“The future that awaits me is more wretched still if I survive. He loves me no longer! He does not retain the first sentiment of affection for me! If he kills me, he will only put an end to my terrible sorrow! poor woman, wretched creature that I am! No child, no husband, nothing left! loneliness, eternal loneliness!”

She returned to the window, and remained on the stone balcony commanding the abyss, where she followed with her eye the windings of the river, silvered by the rays of the moon, and listened to the song of the owl seated on the turret, and the noise of the distant waters as they dashed against the rocks.

“If I were not to wait for him,” thought she; “if I should precipitate myself into that yawning abyss—poor bird! you sing my death-song. Yet, no; I am a mother. I must respect my life, and then—I will see him again.”

To love until death! unfortunate victim! nothing can restore the heart thus wounded; the instant it ceases breathing is its deliverance. It finds no rest but in the grave.

Madame de Monza, leaning on the stone balustrade of the window, which was lighted by a brilliant ray, and enveloped in her shawl, with her long hair, uncurled by the journey, falling on her breast, perhaps inspired pity in her own mind; thus, she did not seem astonished when a young girl, who had just entered her room, uttered a shriek on beholding her, and retreated towards the door.

“Fear not,” said the marchioness; “come here, my child. But tell me, in the name of Heaven, am I not a prisoner?”

The girl answered in French, scarcely intelligible, that the marquis had given her the key.

The fears of Beatrix vanished. She became almost as quickly reassured as she had been alarmed. Yet she might be mistaken; Amédie's projects against her might be renewed at any moment. She owed it to her regard for her daughter to seek means of escaping. The waiting-maid approached her little by little, watching her curiously, but with very evident compassion; the marchioness hoped from her.

“Listen to me,” said she. “Your name?”

“Lisbeth.”

“Lisbeth, have you a sweetheart? Do you wish to get married?”

“Oh! yes.”

“Have you a portion?”

“Alas! no.”

“Well, you can earn one to-night, if you are faithful, if you prove to an unfortunate woman the pity that your physiognomy indicates. I am going to write a letter; have you any way of sending it without M. de Monza's knowing of it?”

Lisbeth hesitated. The marchioness opened her jewel casket, touched a concealed spring, took a handful of gold from the secret drawer, and threw it in the apron of the young girl squatted at her feet.

“Take that,” said she, “and when you shall have announced to me that my letter has arrived, I will give you as much again.”

“Will you swear it?”

“I swear it.”

“Well, give me your letter, and I swear to you also that it shall arrive.”

“May God bless you for those words!”

She thereupon seized a pen, traced a few lines, sealed them, and handed them to Lisbeth; it was almost the work of an instant.

“Hide that note in your pocket,” said she, on delivering it. “To-morrow morning send the messenger; tell him to make great haste! and do you remain near me to-night; do not leave me, even if commanded by M. de Monza.”

“Madame, I must dispatch the letter immediately, if you wish it not to be known. I can go for my betrothed, and send him with it now without anyone's bothering about it; but to-morrow it would be different—he would have to say where he is going.”

“How will you manage it then? Will you be gone long?”

“Long enough to visit the door-keeper's lodge, to speak two words to Hans and come back.”

“Not longer?”

“Oh! no.”

“Be quick then! Make haste and return! I cannot remain alone here; I should die!”

“I believe you, Madame; this is a frightful place! Be easy, however; in just the time of two *Paters*, I shall be back.”

“I await you, Lisbeth. Lock me in, and give the key to nobody.”

The maid left upon a run.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MARCHIONESS'S CORONET.

Beatrix listened anxiously to the retreating steps of Lisbeth. The echoes of those old apartments repeated all the noises of the latter's departure, which seemed formidable to the timid expectant. Subsequently, the most complete silence reigned for a few minutes, when Beatrix thought she could hear voices quarrelling in the spacious guards' room, that separated her apartment from that of her husband. The discussion continued for a long time, during which she thought she distinguished Amédie's voice and that of her maid, raised by degrees and talking in a somewhat impatient tone.

“He has met her,” said she, “and my letter will not arrive.”

She rushed to the gallery and stationed herself there as sentry, with the hope of learning more; but silence reigned anew, excepting the footsteps that resounded under the vaults, and which became more and more indistinct, until they had died away in the distance.

“What is he doing with Lisbeth?” thought she; “why has she not returned? Perhaps he has sent her away! How I tremble; my heart beats; yet, madness! Amédie cannot wish me evil—Amédie, the [illegible] my daughter's father! Amédie! Amédie!”

She leaned against the door and burst into tears; the biting cold of the night, and the seduction of the sparkling wood upon the hearth disappeared before her grief and her fears. All at once she ceased weeping, wiped quickly away her tears, and throwing her hair back with a precipitate movement, listened. Some one was walking with long strides, doors were noisily opening and shutting in the direction of the apartment of M. de Monza, and voices might be distinguished talking in an undertone. She thought they were approaching, for at every moment these voices were becoming more distinct. Thousands of ideas, some more fantastical than others, crossed her mind; she imagined that she had fallen into a den of murderers, hired to destroy her life; she fancied that she could hear and see them; the door was yielding under their efforts; they were coming in; they were there. She uttered a frightful shriek, and sought refuge behind the curtains of her bed, hiding her face in her hands and holding her breath, awaiting death, and having not even sufficient courage to utter a prayer.

There are moments when fright possesses us without cause, and when we have not enough control of ourselves to master and subdue it; under such circumstances, our fright partakes of frenzy and resembles madness. For a long time Beatrix had been suffering; she had suffered all day, and sleep abandoned her at night; her whole existence had been a slow and heavy torture, which had at length become too heavy a burden and was overcharging the little energy she had derived from nature. At this instant, therefore, when, being mistress of herself, she would also have been mistress of her situation, she found herself without courage. The presentiments she had nourished against the castle ever since her marriage, arising from her remembrance of Irene and Gunther, assumed in her eyes frightful proportions. She recalled the circumstances of that fatal journey, and the scenes in Paris; she interpreted, according to her own thoughts, the gestures and remarks of Amédie, and, leaving her hiding place as pale as a spectre, her long hair dishevelled by her precipitate movements, she murmured:

“Ah! my last day has come.”

She cast upon every corner of the room an inquisitive eye, and advancing a few steps towards the gallery, she formed a violent resolution, went to the door of communication and endeavored to open it. She did not succeed. Her excitement and fear were increased by its resistance of her efforts, and she shook it with all her strength.

“Amédie! Lisbeth!” exclaimed she.

No reply! but the sound of footsteps still continued.

“Amédie! Amédie! In the name of heaven, answer me! come!”

No reply!

She rose, like a victim devoted to the sacrifice, and re-entered her room, irresolute and dying before she had been struck. She wept over herself. She was going to die at thirty-two years of age, forsaken in that gloomy castle, without a friend beside her, without seeing her daughter, without leaving a trace of her death, perhaps! How would they kill her? Were they to precipitate her into that abyss which opened widely at her feet? Was she to be assassinated, after her cries had been stifled? Were they going to poison her by some beverage? And then her murderer would say that the chimeras of her jealousy and her eccentric ideas had crazed her, and that she had put an end herself to a life of misfortunes and humiliations; afterwards he would marry her rival, and their love would insult her desolate shade!

“No! oh! no,” exclaimed she. “That cannot, must not be! I owe the truth to Flavie! I owe her a mother's last adieu. Flavie, my Flavie will not suffer my memory to be profaned. She will avenge me!”

The marchioness opened her travelling portmanteau, and took therefrom the necessary materials for writing; but she first advanced once more towards the ante-chamber, and tried to force the bolts; they resisted all her efforts. Examining it closer, she perceived that it was nailed. She next proceeded to barricade herself as well as she was able, and more tranquil henceforth, she resumed her writing:

“My daughter—my dear daughter,” wrote she, “you will never see your poor mother again! They have separated us, my child, to execute the barbarous design that I am unable to oppose. I am ignorant as yet which hand may strike; but I know which hand directs the blow. The infamous and vile creature to whom my blind devotion has confided thee—that Christine Orthez! who has stolen from me even your tenderness, Flavie—that girl without birth and without soul, desires still more; she wants my name and the place I occupy; she wants my fortune and my rank. Her ambition cannot be satisfied with less. Your weak and unfortunate father, fascinated and lured by her, retains no strength or will of his own. Do not accuse him, for he is not guilty, Flavie! Oh, no! he is not—he cannot be! Love him as I loved him; replace me near him; give him all that happiness which my love could have bestowed upon him. But listen, and keep my last, my sacred will! Execute it, under penalty of my eternal malediction and that of God. Do not suffer, upon any condition, under any pretext, an union between my Amédie and my murderer. Employ every possible means to prevent it! Spend your fortune to interdict it, if necessary! But never, *do you hear*, Flavie, *never* permit that sacrilegious cohesion to be sanctioned by law and the church, or my very bones will rise from my grave to call you parricide!

“Now adieu, offspring of so wretched an alliance, yet beloved; if you hear my voice and grant my last wish, be happy and blessed! Do not forget me; love your absent mother better than you did during her life; you have much to repair towards my remembrance. I forgive you, as I have always forgiven you; a mother's pity is inexhaustible. My desire, and that of your father are that you may become united to the Comte Robert de Chamarante. I know and appreciate him; he is worthy of you; he will never deceive you. I implore you, in the name of my mother, who was his mother, and in the name of the hideous death I am about to suffer, to accept this family marriage; I shall sleep almost cheerful in my tomb, in leaving you to his care. May happiness and peace accompany you through life, my child! Let my example be a lesson for you! Think of me and pray for me, as I shall pray for you. Oh! my child! my beloved! must I leave thee! never to see thee again! Love thy father.”

The pen dropped from her hand; she was being suffocated by her sobs. That unfortunate woman, marked by the seal of fatality, was weeping all the tears of her grief. The agony she was now enduring redeemed all the faults of her character, or rather those of her education. The heart of the mother, of the generous and devoted wife forgiving her murderer, trying to avert the danger that threatened him, and preserve him his child's love, was calling the maledictions of her daughter on her rival. One cannot think of that martyrdom without pity and horror.

Madame de Monza, after devoting a few moments to her regrets, fearing she might be interrupted, sought for a place where she might trust her precious will. Her eyes fell on the iron box which contained her jewels when travelling; there was in it a secret drawer well known to Flavie, and unknown to her father and Christine—at least, she supposed so. Her jewels would certainly be remitted to her daughter. Beatrix opened the lid. The first object that struck her eyes was her beautiful set of marriage jewels, including [illegible] witness of that terrible catastrophe to which she owed her misfortunes, or which was, at all events, their first link, and beside it the faded bouquet of poor Sophie. She smiled sadly, took [illegible] diadem in her hands, and looked at it [illegible]ing thereon a trace of the cruel recollections it brought.

“Yes,” said she, “the *Bloody Marchioness!* such is my title, and here is my coronet—stained with the blood of poor Sophie, and soon, most likely, with my own! The first day, the blood of an innocent girl assassinated, and the blood of my guardian; and the last day, the blood of the last victim. That is just; it must be; God wishes it, no doubt. Well! when he arrives he shall see me adorned for the sacrifice; he shall find the *Bloody Marchioness* prepared to end as she was to begin her career.”

Beatrix arose, approached the looking-glass, and with a sang-froid that often proceeds from excess of despair, commenced her toilet—her funeral toilet, more horrible and painful than a funeral song. She placed on her forehead the brilliant crown of jewels, which formed a frightful contrast with the disorder of her dress, the paleness of her features, and the almost frantic looks that shone from her reddened eyes. On her bosom she placed the faded bouquet. Poor Beatrix!

She smiled a strange smile, when her work was completed, and looked at herself an instant longer.

“Now,” said she, “he may come. I await him! I am ready!”

Her imagination, excited to delirium by her long sufferings, gave vent to its reveries; that imagination, in those hours of inconsolable desolation, dominated the heart which was almost dead under the tears of past deceptions.

Time wore on, and yet Beatrix heard no one coming. She was beginning to reassure herself without being aware of it, and exhausted nature was reclaiming its rights. She seated herself in an arm chair at the foot of the bed, and leaning her head against the foot-board, watched the ceiling and the shades formed by the chandeliers and the branched candlesticks. By a singular physical effort, yet quite natural, she began to count them, to group them in her thought, and to form designs of them. Little by little, those figures became confused, her eyelids closed, her breathing became easier, and she slept at last! The Indian sleeps in the midst of his tortures.

How long did she remain thus? It was impossible for her to remember; but she was awakened by the noise of seats thrown down, and raised her eyes. Amédie stood before her, paler, more dismayed, more nervous perhaps than herself.

“Ah!” said she, “here he is! I was not mistaken!”

For a few minutes they remained thus, facing one another and without speaking. The noise of their breathing could be heard, and the quick beating of their hearts. As it should be, the innocent Beatrix first regained her composure.

“Why have you not come sooner, Amédie?” inquired she; “I have been waiting a long time for you.”

“What means that ornament on your head?” asked he, in his turn. “You have chosen a strange occasion to try your precious stones.”

“That ornament is quite natural, Amédie. It befits the present moment and the name I bear; it recalls the scenes of our marriage—those remembrances, so dear, so fresh, so smiling; are they not?”

And she began to laugh; her laugh was piercing as a dagger.

“You hurt me,” replied Amédie, with impatience; “you hurt me horribly, Beatrix.”

“Really?” she went on in the same way.

“I have come to talk with you, to put to a test the feeling on which you have accustomed me to rely; you disturb me with your nonsense.”

Beatrix reassured herself once more. Her versatile and impressionable spirit experienced the most fugitive variations, and changed them with the same facility. She thought herself certain of triumph, as soon as Amédie showed himself timid, and assumed a queenly air in answering:

“Ah! you wish to talk! Well, I hear you.”

Amédie, visibly embarrassed, hesitated to resume what he called the conversation; finally, he found nothing better to say than this:

“Beatrix, do you love me?”

She looked at him astonished. That debut disarranged all her thoughts. It was no longer a murderer with whom she had to deal; it was no longer a man furious with passion, seeking his victim, and rushing upon it to deprive it of the remainder of that life which his disdain had left it. It was an uneasy husband, doubting a love so many times outraged, and not daring to claim the proof of it. Poor Beatrix, too loving and passionate to chase away the illusions, believed that he had experienced remorse and expiation, and wished to return to her love; her heart beating with joy, sprang to meet forgiveness, and granted it before her lips had time for utterance.

“You ask me, if I love you, Amédie.”

“Yes.”

“I have loved you; I have loved you more than ever woman loved man in this world; you have reciprocated by contempt, by abandoning me, and now you come to ask me if I love you still!”

M. de Monza, in his turn, believed himself sure of triumph. His empire was the same; he understood it perfectly, and, *according to the habits of his sex, he thought but to abuse it.*

“I require all your love, Beatrix; not an ordinary love, a selfish love—but a devoted and unrestricted passion, a complete abnegation; I have expected to find it in you, am I mistaken?”

Beatrix's heart overflowed with joy. She did not suppose that the love of a woman might be invoked to make of it the instrument of her misfortune. Simple and tender as in the first days of her love, she indulged not even the shade of a suspicion; throwing her arms about her husband's neck, she covered him with kisses, adding, smilingly:

“And I supposed that you were coming here to kill me!”

The marquis retreated as if a serpent had stung him; he turned paler still, saying:

“You are mad, Beatrix.”

“I know I am now. But what do you want? What can I do? Do you wish my signature? Are you embarrassed in money matters? Must I remain in Monza a year, ten years, all my life? Never leave it? See no one but you? Come! say it! I am burning with impatience!”

So much candor, so much good faith, so much love went to the bottom of Amédie's soul. He was on the point of renouncing his criminal desires, and recompensing that sweet creature by a complete return; but the image of Christine overthrew his remorse. He resumed:

“We have never known each other thoroughly, my dear. You will render me the justice to say that I have done everything to enlighten you. I have never ceased to give you advice, suggested by the impressions which I have received; you have never paid the least attention to it.”

“Amédie,” interrupted she, always smiling, “if you wish your sermon not to weary me, you must not speak angrily.”

“Be it so,” replied he. “I loved you, Beatrix, in the first days of our marriage, and it rested with you to make that love eternal. You did [illegible]

“I did not wish it!”

“No, you have killed it by your suspicions, your persecutions and your whims; you have obliged me to seek [illegible] elsewhere; you [illegible] my home intolerable; you have striven to be a stranger in it—not a wife or mother; that is what you have done, Madame; that is the manner in which you have destroyed our happiness and our common tenderness; is it not so?”

“Oh!” exclaimed the poor marchioness, sobbing, “you say that you love me no longer, and that I am the cause thereof!”

“Pardon me if I wound you,” pursued Amédie, brought in spite of himself to a less intimate mode of address; “but I owe you the truth at this moment, when light is going to be brought between us. I do not seek to excuse myself in accusing you. I am like a judge, and weigh the two scales impartially, since it is necessary.”

“What do you mean? For love of God, explain yourself!”

“I desire you should know why I retain no longer that exclusive love to which you have the right to aspire; I wish you not to condemn me alone, when I shall own myself guilty; I should find it too difficult to endure your reproaches, since it is quite enough to endure those I am addressing myself.”

“You love me no more! you love me no more!” repeated Beatrix, who thought of nothing beyond these words.

“You are mistaken in my not loving you; I respect you, I esteem you, I believe you to be one of the most sacred and holiest women on earth. I therefore rely on your indulgence and devotedness—as I have before expressed it, on your entire self-abnegation.”

“Oh! yes!”

“Do you love me enough to grant me the greatest sacrifice that a woman can make for a man?”

“What is it? Do you want my life? Take it! What care I for that, since you love me no longer?”

“Your life? no; it is your happiness I ask.”

“You want to take my daughter from me.”

To use the immortal expression of Madame de Sevigné, *Her imagination dared not go beyond.*

“Your daughter? Yes,” responded the Marquis.

“You will then be very happy when you have taken from me my daughter?”

“Happy! perhaps—at all events, satisfied.”

“Oh! Amédie, Amédie! you would break thus a mother's heart!”

“Beatrix, have pity on me!—that is not all. [illegible]

“O heaven! I tremble—say—say——”

“You offered to remain in Monza a few years; you must remain here for——”

“In Monza without my daughter! With you, at least!”

A moment of hesitation again ensued.

“Without me,” answered he, so low that she guessed rather than heard it.

“Without you!” exclaimed she; “without you! without my daughter! here, alone! and this is what you ask of me! this is what you propose; and yet you say you do not wish to kill me! You are a monster, a barbarian; what you ask is a thousand times worse than death! Alone! here! Ah! never! I will not; I cannot. Adieu!”

And quick as thought she rushed towards the window, which had been left opened; the marquis stretched forth his arms to intercept her, exclaiming:

“Beatrix!”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

DIGNITY.—All establishments die of dignity. They are too proud to think themselves ill and take a little physic.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

We parted with a cheerful smile
When last I pressed her hand,
To follow to the battle field
The banner of our land.
Her glowing glance in memory
Unceasingly will burn—
For well I know, she will bestow
The same, when I return.

When, gazing at the glimm'ring stars
And resting on the ground,
While soldiers, wearied by the march,
Are slumbering around,
How oft, to hold that little hand
And hear her vows, I yearn,
For well I know, she will bestow
The same, when I return.

* * *

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The subjoined thrilling and romantic story we give as we received it from the narrator:

"I have traveled in my time over a great portion of the world, and have had some rather curious, exciting and remarkable adventures; but the most remarkable of these, I think, taking everything into consideration, was the series which occurred one night in the city of New Orleans in the winter of 1833. I was visiting the city on a trip of pleasure, and had letters of introduction to some three or four of the first families; but I arrived there a perfect stranger, put up at one of the principal hotels, and thought I would see a little of the town before making myself known to those who would be bound by the rules of good-breeding to receive me as a friend.

"With this view I started out one evening for a walk, and having passed through some of the principal thoroughfares, I found myself on the borders of a locality that did not look particularly inviting, the streets being poorly lighted, and the houses and people indicating the quarter of the poorer class. I kept on, however, some little distance, taking care not to lose sight of the main street I had left, and was on the point of turning back when, from a dark alley near by, a little girl, poorly and thinly clad, came running toward me, crying as if her heart would break.

"'What is the matter, my child?' said I, in a tone of compassion.

"She stopped and looked up at me, presenting to my view, by the light of a street lamp, a tearful face of great sweetness and beauty, and whose innocence I would have vouched for.

"'Oh!' she sobbed, 'my poor mother I fear is dying! She has been sick for a week, and for two days we have had nothing to eat. We have pawned everything, and I have started out to see if I can get a little charity. It goes hard with me to ask it, sir, and I have shrunk from it till the last moment, and now I am afraid it is too late. Oh, my God! my God! what will become of us?'

"Her voice was soft and sweet, her language that of a child who had received the early training of a refined mother, and all my sympathies were strongly enlisted in her behalf.

"'If I were certain, my child, that what you tell me is true, I would give you enough to make you comfortable for the present—that is, I mean, so far as mere money can do it.'

"'Oh, if you doubt me, sir, come and see for yourself! it is but a step!' she rejoined, in a [illegible]

"I looked at the dark alley, and its old, dilapidated, half tumble-down houses, and hesitated. What if this should be a plot to entrap the unwary and unsuspecting? I looked again at the face of the little girl, and at once [illegible] suspicion as unjust. Either nature lied as I had never known nature to lie, or that little pitiful creature was innocent of one single thought of wrong. Instinctively, however, I put my hand on a pistol, as I said:

"'Lead on, my child! I will follow you.'

"She caught hold of my hand, with an impulsive 'God bless you, sir!' and hurried me forward, through the dark alley, into a darker court, and thence into an old building, up one flight of stairs, and back to a small room that contained not a single ray of light. I stopped at the door, but the little girl ran in, exclaiming:

"'Oh, mother, mother—God has sent us a good, kind gentleman, who will keep us from starving, and perhaps let me get a doctor for you! Oh, you mustn't die, dear, dear mother! you mustn't die! you shall not die now!'

"A feeble groan was succeeded by a faint, hollow voice, which said:

"'Where is the gentleman, Nelly?'

"'Here!' said I, stepping into the room. 'Cheer up, my good woman! all that money can do to make you comfortable, shall be done. Here, my child,' continued I, thrusting my hand into my pocket and bringing it out nearly full of coin—probably both gold and silver, though it was too dark to see—'take this, and run and get what you most need now—among the rest a candle. I will remain here till you return.'

"'Oh, the good God bless you, sir!' sobbed the little girl, as I put the contents of my hand into hers; and to this was added a feeble 'Amen' from the poor mother.

"The child bounded away, and I heard her little feet pattering down the stairs.

"'Are you seriously ill with any disease, madam?' I inquired of the poor sufferer; 'or does your sickness result from being deprived of the necessaries of life?'

"'Ah, sir,' groaned the poor woman, 'I——'

"Her words were cut short by a wild, piercing scream, coming up from below, followed by a cry of:

"'Murder! murder!—help! help! help!'

"Impulsively I sprung out of the room, down the stairs, and back to another room on the lower floor, where I perceived the glimmer of a light through a partly opened door. As the cries of murder came from this apartment, I bounded in, without hesitation, and was immediately clutched by a woman, with a disordered dress and dishevelled hair, and whose eyes seemed to be blinded by the blood streaming from a large gash across her forehead. I had only time to see this much, and that there was a man springing back, with a bloody knife in his hand, when the light was suddenly dashed out, and the man seemed to retreat through a door on the other side of the room. The woman, evidently under the impression that she had got hold of her murderous assailant, held on to me with the gripe of death, crying:

"'Quick! quick! I have him! I have him! Murder! murder!—help! help!'

"As every succeeding word grew fainter and more faint, till the last one had a choked and indistinct utterance, it was evident to me that the poor woman was either dying or swooning; and as her hold of me was in no degree relaxed to correspond with the feebleness of her voice, I feared she was already in the convulsions of death. Here then was a situation for a stranger in a strange city!—to be found in the clutches of a murdered woman, with no means of proving that he did not commit the wicked deed! And even if not condemned for the crime—even taking the most favorable view possible in case the woman should not live to testify—there would be the suspicion, the arrest, the lock-up, the prison, the examination, the inquest, the trial perhaps, and last but not least, the public report of the press, in which my name would be sent far and near with a damning stigma attached. All this, which flashed upon my mind like lightning, filled me with an indescribable dread and horror, and prompted me to make my escape as if actually guilty of the crime. Already I heard numerous steps and voices, from different quarters, hurrying up to the scene, and in another moment my fate might be sealed. I must escape—it would be madness to remain—and without another moment's hesitation, I tore myself from the grasp of the woman, whose body fell heavily upon the floor, but whether in life or death I could not tell. I sprung across the room, for the door through which I supposed the real murderer had escaped, and, just as I had succeeded in finding it, some two or three persons burst into the apartment, with a light, and, following the first cries of horror, I heard the words, in the rough tones of excited men:

"'There he goes! there goes the murderer! Catch him! catch him!—follow! follow!—murder! murder!—help! help!—stop thief! stop murderer!—help! help!'

"It seemed to be life and death with me now, and I bounded forward, I knew not whither. I had entered a small yard, and in ten steps I was stopped by a high board-fence. I caught hold of the top of this with my hands, and with a desperate spring threw myself over. I was now in another yard, and in a few steps was stopped by another fence of the same kind. Over this I went in the same manner; and as I struck the ground, I was seized by a fierce dog, which buried his teeth in the leg of my boot. Like lightning I drew one of my pistols, and with it struck him a powerful blow on the head. He let go his hold, with a yelp and howl of pain, and, making speedy use of my liberty, I was over the opposite fence in less time than it takes me to tell of it.

"I now found myself clear of all the yards, and in a dark, narrow, filthy alley, but with the cries of my pursuers ringing from different quarters, dogs barking all around, and windows being hurriedly thrown up and eager questions shouted out by the alarmed inmates of the numerous dwellings. I did not stop a moment to consider, but ran down the alley, and, hoping to throw all new parties from the right suspicion, I shouted, 'Stop murderer! stop thief!' as loud as the best of them.

"'Where? who? what?' cried a man, trying to detain me.

"'Yonder he goes—just turning the corner!' I shouted, as I eluded his grasp and bounded on.

"At the corner of the next street, a man—he might have been a watchman or policeman for all I know—jumped forward and seized hold of me.

"Quick as thought I struck him in the face with the fist in which I held my pistol, and down he dropped like a log, and on I went, shouting:

"'Stop murderer! stop thief!'

"By this time there was a perfect roar of voices behind, the whole town seemed to be in commotion, and quite a number joined me in the hue and cry, little dreaming that I was the person those behind were seeking, and they as little dreaming they were in pursuit of an innocent man. The rapid increase of numbers increased my safety; and as soon as I found myself surrounded by a large mob, I gradually slackened my pace, as if yielding to fatigue, and [illegible] ahead of me. In this way we all kept on, past several blocks of houses, till we came to an open lot on the right, when, thinking to get clear of the danger and the crowd at the same [illegible]

"But now, too late, I discovered I had only increased my peril, by attracting particular attention to myself; and the shout of, 'There he goes!—stop thief! stop thief!' caused me to bound forward like the hunted hare.

"In those days I was young, slender, and a fleet runner, and both my life and reputation being at stake, I made the best possible use of my limbs, and to such good effect that I gradually gained upon the foremost of the yelling crew.

"In this manner I came to a high wall, that seemed to shut in the garden of some private mansion, and, as I could not scale it, I kept along its base, till I came to a gate, which fortunately for me was slightly ajar, having been opened by the black porter to see what was going on, and who was now standing within a few feet of it, and looking wonderingly at the approaching crowd. He did not, from some cause, particularly notice me till I was in the act of entering, when with a loud yell, he made an effort to intercept me. But he was too late. Before he could reach the gate, I had sprung through, closed it, and shot the bolts; and as I still ran on through the grounds, beneath a delightful orange grove, I heard the human tide surge up around the walls, with loud cries of disappointment and rage.

"I was now comparatively safe; and I determined, as my best course, to enter the mansion, and appeal to the inmates to save me from the mob, even at the risk of their refusing to credit my truthful story, and subsequently giving me up to the officers of the law.

"As I approached the mansion, some three or four servants, who had heard the shouts of the excited mob, and had come out to guess, rather than see, what the matter was, called to me, evidently mistaking me in the darkness for the porter or some one of their number.

"'What is it, Jim? what is it?'

"'Run down to the gate if you want to see some fun!' I replied, keeping on toward the dwelling.

"They started off, and thus left me free. I reached the mansion and bounded in through the open door. Not seeing any one below, I hurried up a broad flight of stairs, and, in a large, elegantly-furnished sitting-room, beheld a young and beautiful lady, seated at a table, quietly poring over a book.

"'Excuse me, Madam,' said I, panting for breath, 'for this unceremonious intrusion! I have met with a misfortune, and am pursued by a wild mob, who are seeking my life. I am a stranger in the city, know not where to go, and now throw myself upon your mercy.'

"At the first sound of my voice, the lady looked up in startled wonder, and, by the time I had ceased, had risen to her feet, and now stood before me as pale and beautiful as a sculptured Venus.

"'Who are you? and what does all this mean?' she kindly but firmly inquired.

"In as few words as I could, I told her all that had happened since leaving my hotel.

"'A strange story!' she rejoined, looking at my disordered dress, and evidently with no small degree of suspicion.

"An idea flashed upon me.

"'Madam,' said I, 'to prove that I am not an impostor, though a stranger in the city, permit me to call your attention to these letters of introduction, addressed to some of the first families here, and of whom, it is highly probable, from your exalted position, you have some knowledge.'

"Saying this, I produced the letters, which I had fortunately taken out with me, and handed them to her. At the first superscription I saw her eye brighten, and the second letter she opened quickly and read eagerly, with a slight change of color.

"'This is to my father, from an old and valued friend!' she said, with a smile, coming forward and offering me her hand. 'In his absence, permit me, Mr. Warrington, to welcome you to our dwelling, though, for your own sake, I could wish your *entrée* had been more agreeable to yourself?'

"'A more *agreeable* surprise I certainly could never have had!' was my reply, as I bowed to my beautiful and fascinating hostess, and felt the while as if a mountain of trouble was lifted from my heart.

"Well, I was saved. When, an hour after, the police rang the bell, and made inquiries concerning a fugitive murderer, no such personage was known to any in the mansion. On the return of the other members of the family from the opera, whither they had gone previous to my singular arrival, the story of my adventures was told, and received with both sympathy and mirth. I remained over night, and the next day my baggage was sent for, and myself booked as a guest for the season—and a gay and brilliant one it proved to me.

"The poor little girl and her mother were cared for, and the real murderer of the woman was found, tried and executed.

"I have but one thing more to say concerning that night's adventures. The lady who that night gave me the hand of welcome in my hour of tribulation, subsequently added her *heart* to it. She is now, and has been for years, *my wife!*"

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THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 106.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Among the superstitions of education are those in favor of Order. It is not that there is no such thing as Order, but that its advocates are bigoted, are narrow and exclusive. It is coolly taken for granted that if Order is good, Disorder is bad. As if there might not be bad order and good disorder!

If Order is Heaven's First Law, Disorder is at least its second. What is Order, as applied, I mean, to things? It is simply arrangement according to some notion, and Disorder is simply arrangement according to some *other* notion. They might be called primary order and secondary order.

As Practice almost always precedes Philosophy, so already there is to be found the fact of disorder for the sake of benefits which cannot be had by despotic Order. If a parlor is arranged with chairs in rows all around the walls, with everything in right lines, every one says, how stiff, how intolerable, how little taste is manifested! But swing round the lounge in the corner, carelessly; let the chairs be scattered about, just as they would be if persons had but now used them; shove the centre table a little out of the very middle of the medallion, so that it shall not be *set*, and then people say the parlor has a social and easy air. What is this but a disguised revolt against the despotism of Order? The same is more remarkably true in gardens and pleasure grounds. Formerly, grounds were arranged by geometric principles. Everything was squared and mated. Mathematical exactness ruled. Even the figures of geometry were copied. The French gardens might be said to be Geometry in blossom. Against this has come up what is called the *Natural Style*. And what is the Natural or Picturesque Style of Landscape Gardening? It aims to reproduce the beauty of nature, together with its negligence and graceful disorder. It is a system [illegible] It aims to arrange things just as they would be if they never had been arranged at all.

These instances are enough to show that the prejudices which lofty and virtuous housekeepers have against disorder are not founded in philosophy, and that Order is often a mere nuisance. We don't believe it to be Heaven's first law; though we did not, for rhetorical effect, choose to say so earlier in this article. In so far as it can be made a foil, a background, a judicious contrast to disorder, we have no doubt it has a place and a function. But, it is only a path to be trod on the way to graceful disorder.

The face of Nature is the most obvious and thorough refutation of the popular superstitions about Order. Nothing is orderly till man takes hold of it. Everything in creation lies around loose, or is mixed up in the most inextricable disorder. Not in confusion. Disorder is never to be confounded with confusion. If our housekeepers had had the making of Nature, the world would have been a vast bureau, and every drawer would have had its appropriate specimens, in lamentable regularity. Here we should have had Mineralogy, next Botany, next Zoology, and so on, in intolerable order. As it is, thank Nature, things are scattered about all over the world splendidly, and no housekeeper was ever created to put this world "to rights."

We spake of bureaus. There is our own, for instance. It is a moderately good one, with a movable top, and a looking-glass attached. *Our* way of arranging is, to put everything down on the top, just as it comes. *Hers* is just the other way!

We treat it, as we should the globe, and leave things just as they dropped. Books, combs and brushes, a fishing-reel, a pamphlet, matches and lozenges, cologne and troches, a Battle Hymn, and letters, watch-cases, and ribbons. Then one would know where to look if anything were missing. Alas! Order steps up the moment we leave, and this beauteous disorder vanishes! It is distressing to every tender feeling of taste to open the first drawer. All is adjusted; nothing left to the imagination. Every lace smooth, every one folded, flat, regular. So it will be to-morrow, so next week, and to the end! The next drawer is *mine*. There repose the snow-white shirts, the pile of handkerchiefs; and they repose like Egyptian dead, in rows and shelf-like order. Once in a while we thrust in a genuine touch of nature, that is said to make all men kin; but a flat-iron does not take a wrinkle out of linen quicker than the *Order* does out of the drawer! And so it is with the next, and the next. So is it with the closet, with parlor and entries. The same rectangular fate presides in parlor and dining-room. Nay, it stealthily creeps into the very Study. Let me, in a moment rash with desperation, say my soul's faith (though it be heresy) that no Housekeeper—foreordained Housekeeper—has any rights in a Study. Here am I this morning, just returned after four days' absence. I left this room a Paradise, I find it a Purgatory. My table was blossoming all over with a luxuriant and tangled abundance of letters, papers, scraps from newspapers, books, and books on books. It was a Journal. Each day's deposit for weeks was there, almost with the regularity of geological strata. I could go back as in a register, and recall the topics of each several day, until memory failed, and the lower strata of papers, the very primitive formations, went back to dim and remote times inexplorable. Like an onion or tulip-bulb, the table was constructed in layers. Fatal absence! Misplaced confidence! I returned to find everything death-struck. All was Order! My articles sorted, my letters filed, my scraps classified, my pens collected and huddled like raw recruits in awkward squads, the scissors, the knife, the pins, the ink, the mucilage, stood round like officers dressed for a parade-day. A month will not suffice to bring back again the admired disorder, the graceful melange.

And then the books!

Mr. Bonner—you have a kind nature, a genuine, sympathizing heart. Every one has seen how heartily you stand up for your friends, and how heartily you thwack your adversaries. But even you cannot console me, nor avenge me of my adversary! She steals in! She views the happy scene! There was Bayle lying on the floor, with Mapes's Farmer in his lap, and an Atlas genially covering both.

There was a squadron of Living Ages lying around, like a picket of cavalry at ease. In one corner was a thicket of newspapers, on the sofa a ream of paper, a shawl, an affghan, a Concordance, a Bible, new books uncut, magazines, and various other treasures; near the window all the books that at various times for a month I had bought up, but had not put up, waiting till I had time to arrange; near the door a stack of portfolios and, here and there, a picture, patiently waiting to be hung.

The book-cases were in benevolent sympathy with the floor. Indeed, the book-case might be called a vertical floor, and the floor a horizontal book-case. Whichever way the eye turned it found unexpected contrasts. Nothing was tame. Everything was fitted to excite surprise in a well-regulated housekeeper's mind. It was a stimulating sight. No art could have designedly arranged it. It was the workmanship of distributive and gradual chance. Like frost-work on the window, it defied invention and challenged imitation.

The same remorseless hand that would rub out a windowful of frost etchings, for the sake of seeing vulgar things outside, has invaded my room and "put everything to rights." Two months of industrious carelessness will scarce suffice to bring back my paradise! And all the time that fatal fear will overhang me, that, in an unguarded hour, the same calamity will sweep through the room again, and where it found all, everything in disorder and loneliness, leave everything blasted with regularity and order!

But, ah, the days are coming! But seven days, is it, to Spring! Then in one more month—and all my ills will be healed. I shall send everybody to the country. I shall be sole monarch. Then, descending, I shall overturn the despotism of the parlors, and bring to the solitude of the house the joyful boon of disorder! I will forget to put anything in its place. The sofas shall sprout with strange things. Every corner be planted with new commodities. The book-case doors shall never be shut. The chairs shall never have less than half a dozen books. Engravings shall lie in heaps. Right in the midst of manuscripts shall be seen bread and cheese and apples that had begun to be eaten; the ashes shall heap itself in grey disorder; kindling-wood and waste paper shall ruffle the hearth; and everything see everything doing what it was never expected to do. A broom I hate as I do a tyrant's rod. I will expel them! Dust brushes are an utter abomination. I will drive them forth! At present I think it meet to submit. But, I snuff the balmy air that tells me that the vernal days are coming. To me they mean more than to anybody else. To all they mean grass, leaves, lambs, birds, flowers, and odorous smell of soil and vegetation. But, to me, they mean, also, domestic liberty. The end of tyrannous order, the restoration of nature to the house, the undisturbed reign of joyous Disorder!

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible] situated town of about 35,000 inhabitants. It is in the midst of a remarkably fertile, undulating valley, through which the river Cumberland winds its devious way. The adjacent country is thought by good judges to be the very choicest region in the United States; the soil being exceedingly fertile, the land well shaped for culture, and the climate a most pleasant medium between the heat of the gulf States, and the cold of the north. The town is built upon a bluff of the Cumberland, perhaps one hundred feet above low water water mark, and twenty feet above the point of the highest freshets. In the middle of the town is a large square, with a courthouse and market in the centre, and the principal stores and hotels around it. Several of the new stores are equal in size and beauty to our second and third rate stores in New York. There is a great deal of wealth in the place, and many large and solid family mansions, furnished in excellent taste. It is one of the very few southern cities which has the thrifty look of a northern town, and it was advancing rapidly until this rebellion arrested its growth. With regard to your second inquiry, we can say, upon what we consider good authority, that from the beginning of the rebellion until this hour, the real men of the place—its business men and thinking men—have been opposed to the rebellion. For twenty years past, Nashville has dealt chiefly with New York, and has maintained her credit most honorably even in the worst times.

Carrie Bell.—Last Sunday afternoon this young lady received the following note: "Mr. and Mrs. B. request the pleasure of Miss Bell's company this afternoon at five o'clock." To which the young lady made this reply: "Mr. and Mrs. B.,—As your favor of this afternoon does not inform me of the nature of the entertainment to which I am invited, I do not feel at liberty to comply with your request on Sunday. Respectfully, Carrie Bell." This reply having given great offence, Carrie wishes to know whether we think she did right. The substance of her note was undoubtedly right. Any person who thinks it wrong to enjoy the pleasures of society on Sunday could not have accepted such an invitation without violating conscience. But the *manner* of the note is certainly open to objection. It was very abrupt, and scarcely civil. Perhaps something like the following would have been better. "Miss Bell thanks Mr. and Mrs. B. for their polite invitation, which, nevertheless, she is compelled to decline. When Mr. and Mrs. B are informed that Miss Bell's religious convictions forbid her attending social entertainments on Sunday, she is confident they will respect her scruples and excuse her from complying with their obliging request."

Charles.—You say you are of very diminutive stature, although an adult, and wish to know if there is any way by which you could grow faster. Perhaps gymnastics would be of use to you, although it may be that your stature, being regulated by the laws of *inheritance*, cannot be changed. If it is a subject that annoys you, it would be well to apply to some physician for a solution of your troubles.

Susan.—Is the use of coffee pernicious? It is always better to dispense with the use of this stimulant if a person is of a nervous temperament, although it is also true that this beverage, taken in moderation as to quantity and time, is not hurtful to many unexcitable temperaments, or to persons whose occupations, like that of a farmer, are much out of doors.

Equality.—"Is it right," asks Equality, "when a gentleman is calling on a lady, for her to leave the parlor without excusing herself?" We suppose, by your question, that she did not return. That was certainly very rude, if your conduct toward *her* was unexceptionable; if not, the lady had a right to leave you without an apology.

Curiosity.—The present head of the great house of Rothschild is the Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, M. P. He resides in London, which city he represents in parliament. He is the first Jew ever admitted to the parliament of Great Britain, and he not till after a struggle of eleven years.

Reynard.—The following is Reynard's question: "Do I, or do I not, violate any law of etiquette, by speaking in harsh and violent terms of a public character, when I personally know that the person to whom I am speaking is a warm admirer of the individual whom I denounce?" Unquestionably, you do.

Vitella.—This young lady is at a loss to know what to say on being congratulated. A young fellow says to her, for example, "I congratulate you, Miss Vitella, upon your brother's promotion." She cannot think of any suitable response. Nothing is necessary but this: "I thank you, sir."

S. A. L., Washington, Pa.—To free your Canary birds of vermin, give them a capacious box, half filled with dry, wood ashes and clean sand, mixed together, to roll themselves in. Feed them, in part, with hard-boiled eggs, and other most nutritious food. The lower the condition of a bird, or an animal, the more subject it is to vermin, which are frequently killed by warm, rich blood alone; so that the mere improvement in condition causes them entirely to disappear. Smoke your cages with sulphur, or wash them with alcohol in which English lark-spur seed has been soaked, (but remember the lark-spur is poison, and not to be used internally.) Make the roosts of sassafras sticks. It would probably be a still further protection to have the whole cage made of camphor wood or red cedar. You say your other pet and great favorite, a Newfoundland dog, suffers greatly from fleas. Dogs will have more or less fleas, in spite of everything you can do to prevent it. But you can apply several remedies which will be measurably efficacious. Your dog is a Newfoundland, and of course likes the water. When he is swimming, the fleas which infest him collect on his face, ears, and nose, which are above the water; occasionally push his head under, so as to submerge them, and they will drown and float off. In the summer give him a bed of tansy, which is easily procured, or grown, in the country. Vermin on cattle, however numerous, are entirely destroyed by a single application of a small quantity of mercurial ointment between the horns and under the chin. We have often seen this tried, and always with complete success. It is said, however, to be attended with some danger in case the animal takes cold soon after the application; but we never knew any bad effects to be experienced in that way.

Wife.—In a long and well-written letter this correspondent tells a pitiful story, and among other things says: "Before I was married, my husband had been engaged to his cousin, as I have since learned; but for some reason unknown to me the engagement was broken. Since our marriage he has renewed his intimacy with his cousin, and the two often hold whispered conversations in my presence. When I remonstrate with my husband, he only insults me. What am I to think of such conduct? and ought I to leave him?" There can be but one opinion upon such conduct on the part of your husband. If he is deaf to your entreaties, he is certainly past all other means of reformation. When a man deliberately, cruelly, and heedlessly does that which he knows will pain his wife, it is impossible he should love her; as to your leaving him, that is a question you alone can decide.

Delamere.—The following is the information sought by this correspondent: The reigning Sultan of Turkey is Abdul-Aziz, who ascended the throne in 1861. The Emperor of Russia is Alexander II., born in 1818, began to reign 1855. The King of Sweden and Norway is Charles XV. (grandson of Bernadotte), born 1826, began to reign 1859. The King of Denmark is Frederick VIII., born 1808. Isabel II. is Queen of Spain, born 1830, and proclaimed queen in 1833. The King of Bavaria is Maximilian II., born 1811, began to reign 1848. Napoleon III. was born 1808, became emperor in 1852. Queen Victoria was born in 1819, became queen in 1837. The King of Holland is William III., born 1817, began to reign 1849. The King of Prussia is Frederick William V., who began to reign in 1860.

Young Housekeepers.—It is impossible for us to "*make*" you economical. You must do that service for yourselves. The *theory* of economy is laid down by the immortal Micawber, in his sagacious advice to his young friend David Copperfield, as follows: "My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—nineteen, nineteen, six: result—happiness. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—twenty pounds, ought and six: result—misery. The blossom is blighted; the leaf is withered; the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene—and—in short—you are forever floored." Dr. Franklin has propounded the same theory, in a less flowery and more practical manner, namely: "Spend at least one cent less than you earn, every week."

Hoosier Girls.—You speak of certain women in your neighborhood who busy themselves in making trouble between the young girls and their lovers and acquaintances, and ask what you shall do. You can do nothing but avoid the company of such persons. There are plenty of such people in every community, and as fast as you contradict one story they will invent another. Take no notice of them, and they will take less pains to trouble you, when they find you are indifferent to their despicable attacks.

Annie says.—"A young gentleman, who has been in the habit of visiting me for six months, has [illegible] without any known reason on my part. What shall I do?" Do nothing; empty-headed fellows often take such methods, meanly hoping thereby to ascertain how much [illegible] for them. Let him stay away till he gets tired of it, and treat him with quiet [illegible] comes back. Such [illegible] fellows should be promptly dropped by all self-respecting young ladies.

Boston.—Yes; a fire-alarm telegraph has been in operation in the city of New York for about ten years. The circuit embraces all the bell-towers, the police stations, and the houses of the Chief of-Police and the Chief of the Fire Department. Information respecting the fire is conveyed instantaneously and simultaneously to all these points.

C. D. S.—This disconsolate youth is in love with a young lady; "but she is so far my superior in intellect," he says, "that I dare not make her my wife, or even tell her of my love for her." Perhaps she would not accept you, if you *did*. A man who cannot forgive superiority, or even equality, of intellect in a woman, had better remain unmarried.

Constant Reader.—The notion that arsenic, taken in small quantities, will improve the complexion and fill out the form, is a complete and most pernicious delusion. Arsenic is a poisonous *metal*, which, being taken into the system, does harm, and only harm, and harm continually. Leave it to the rats, we pray you.

Tremont.—It would depend on all the circumstances of the case, whether or not you should comply with the request of a young lady to drop a letter for her in the Post Office to a young gentleman who is not a relation. As *a general rule* we think it would be more friendly were you to warn her against the danger of such correspondence.

Inquirer.—There are thirteen hospitals in the city of New York, or connected with the city, namely: The Bellevue, the Children's, the Jews', the Marine, the New York, the Infirmary for Women and Children, the Opthalmic, the Seamen's Fund, St. Luke's, St. Vincent's, Ward's Island, and the Woman's.

L. S.—You cannot collect the three hundred dollars of your "friend" simply because he promised to pay you that sum for the goods sold to *his* friend, in case the latter did not pay it himself. Your lawyer ought to be able to show you the reason of this *seemingly* unfair, but, in fact, eminently just rule of law.

R. S. says he has kept company with a young lady three years, and feels now as if he did not wish to marry her, and wants to know "how to dispose of her *justly*." We have no advice to give to so mean a fellow. The lady will be greatly the gainer by your absence, take it in what form you may.

Irving Place.—The editor of Punch is Mark Lemmon, but he is not one of its proprietors. His salary is said to be £800, or $4,000, a year. Mark Lemmon is also a contributor to the Illustrated London News, and a writer for the stage.

Houston.—A lady, you say, has misconstrued some remarks of yours as insulting to her. Would it compromise your dignity to offer an apology? No *apology* is necessary. All that is needed in such a case is an *explanation*.

T. H.—It was an offence against good manners and common decency for you to accuse the young lady of falsehood, in the presence and hearing of your guests, no matter what *her* offence may have been.

B. M.—The story which Charles Dickens wrote exclusively for the Ledger is entitled, "Hunted Down." Back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer.

Mother.—Is Friday an unlucky day? If a man is hung on that day, or breaks his heart, it certainly is; otherwise, it is in our opinion as well-intentioned a day as any of the seven.

Henry.—A young lady who would twice use you merely for the purpose of waiting upon her to a fair, to meet another gentleman, can have no farther claims upon your attention.

Pike's Peak.—Hiram Powers is now fifty-seven years of age. He is still laboring at his art in Florence, and will probably remain there till he has acquired a competence.

Emeline.—See Pope's Essay on Man for the words respecting which you inquire:

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

Hoosier.—There can be no question as to the impropriety of addressing unnecessarily a lady in the same car who is a total stranger.

H. T. H.—The usual rule of Debating Societies is that a speaker on the affirmative side opens and closes the debate. But every society may make its own rules.

L. M. L.—The youngest child of Queen Victoria is the Princess Beatrice, aged five years.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*